CASKET OF POETICAL TREASURES

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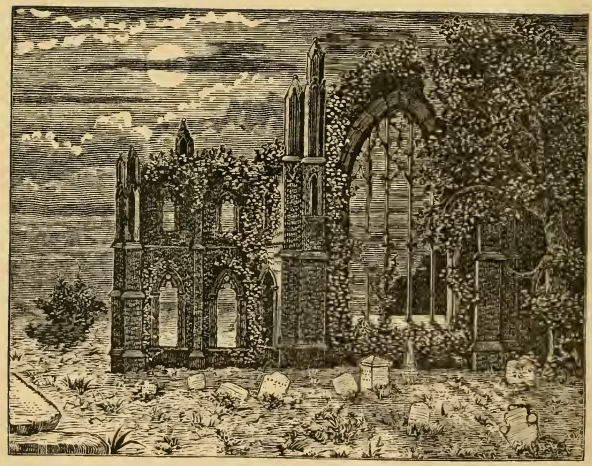


" The ancient abbey's walls may crumbled be,
All ivy-clad the portions that remain ;
Though tott'ring tomb-stones clothed with moss we see,
Yet saints who sleep beneath shall live again."

Page 16.

CASKET

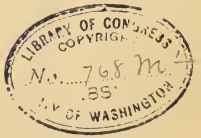
OF

POETICAL TREASURES

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY ELDER D. D. PATERSON.

Earth's treasures many people strive to find,
While others labor hard to store the mind
With sparkling gems of truth.



GRAND RAPIDS, MICH:
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Copyright 1881,

BY D. D. PATERSON.

TO THE TOILING PILGRIMS

WHO ARE JOURNEYING TOWARDS THE REST THAT

REMAINETH FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

CASKET OF POETICAL TREASURES.

THE PILGRIM.

I. OUT OF THE ARK.

OUT of the Ark, from God afar,
No peace, nor rest, nor guiding star,
A lonely one plods on his way,
And toileth hard from day to day.
He opes his heart, and creepeth in
The world with all her busy din:
Her vain allurements try to charm,
Her evil habits seek to harm.
He glides along the giddy stream,
Lost, as it were, in mazy dream;
And cares of life increase apace,
As thus he runs life's weary race.
His friends seem cold, the world seems drear,
With few to give a word of cheer.
O, dismal picture, hopeless life,
Made up of trials, toils and strife!
A giddy friend swift passeth by,
His manner reticent and shy;
Another, "How d'ye do to-day?"
'Tis all that he has time to say.

"O heartless world, O friendship vain!"
His heart in bitterness exclaims;
"Where, where is peace, O tell me where?
I yield, I sink into despair."
Night comes. Upon his lonely bed,
He tries to rest his aching head,
Then startles out of midnight dream—
"Lost! lost!" he hears the wailing scream.
'Midst retrospective thoughts he hears
A voice that melts his heart to tears—
A mother's prayer, so sweet, so mild—
"O, Heavenly Father, save my child!"
"Yes, mother told me God was kind."
'T was thus he mused, with care-worn mind:
"I'll seek my God, to Him I'll flee,
This world hath nothing good for me."
Then fell he into slumber deep,
But One stood by him in his sleep,
And said in tones so sweet and free,
"Thou weary one, come unto Me."

II. A SAVIOUR FOUND.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad."

The wanderer hears the well-known strain,
Resolves to ope his heart again;

The dreary world he casts behind,
And starts the blessed Lord to find.
Sweet voice still strikes upon his ear:
"Come unto me, I'll still thy fear;
Take up my yoke, my burden's light,
And hope I'll give of glory bright.
E'en here thy path shall shine as day,
For I will guide thee all the way.
At last on Zion's hill thou'lt stand
Forever with a holy band."
"Enough, my Lord, enough," he cried;
"I hear thy voice; I will arise,
From hence I will thy word obey,
And tread the pilgrim's narrow way."
And so, to gain the glorious prize,
Swift down to yonder stream he hies,
In baptism there to bow, and own
The Father, and his blessed Son.
Then, rising from the watery grave,
He knows that Jesus died to save;
The glorious sacrifice applied,
Now walks he by his Saviour's side.
A glowing love his bosom fills,
Sweet joys untold his being thrills,
And now upon his pathway gleams
A beacon light—hope's brilliant beams.
"Dark world, farewell, farewell for aye!
For me has dawned a brighter day."
'Tis thus he testifies, and then,
In language of another's pen,
He speaks, that it may sound abroad,
And tend to glorify his God:

"Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I found them in his sheltering breast,

Who opes his arms and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am his, and He is mine.
Yes, He is mine, and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or power,
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.
Go, worthless world! I cry, with all that's thine;
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine."

III. HOPE.

The gloom is past. A pilgrim still,
He wends his way to Zion's hill.
The night far spent, dawned is the day,
And thus he muses joyously:
"My Father now is reconciled,
He owns his weary, wandering child;
Yes, I have found 'the good old way,'
And hope points out a brighter day.
Just yonder lies the land of rest,
Where I shall lean on Jesus' breast,
Forever with my loving Lord,
Where his dear name shall be adored;
The earth re-clad with pristine bloom,
No more dark clouds, nor dismal gloom.
Hail, happy clime, home of the free,
The King in beauty there I'll see,
For lo, my Saviour comes again,
And on this earth He'll ever reign;
With mighty shout shall He descend,
And darkness, sin and death shall end.
'Twill not be long. He'll soon appear;
Eternity approacheth near.

Then all his jewels shall arise,
And shout Him welcome in the skies,
O, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Come, pilgrims, join with one accord,
And sound his praises night and day,
And with those praises, watch and pray.
Our trials soon shall all be o'er,
And sighing shall be known no more;
No more shall tears bedew our eyes,
Ours, then, the everlasting prize.
Our glorious Father there we'll see,
Reigning in peerless majesty
High over all—enthroned above—
The mighty God—the source of love.

Lone comrade, art thou weary now?
Wipe off those sweat-drops from thy brow,
None shall be weary over there,
When we have gained the Eden fair.
Lift up thy head, for day-dawn bright
Breaks on our path—O sweet twilight—
The twilight of th' eternal day,
When righteousness shall have full sway.
Cheer up, deliverance is at hand,
Soon shall we reach the promised land;
Companions there, we'll ever roam
The peaceful fields of that blest home.
Then come, dear Saviour, is our prayer,
We long to meet thee in the air;
Hosannas to thy blessed name,
Soon with the angels we'll proclaim.
So now I'm done. Dear comrades, all,
Prepare to meet the mighty call.
O, may we greet you on that shore,
Where we shall praise God evermore!"

Dear reader, to the Saviour cling,
His name adore, his praises sing;
A refuge He shall prove to thee
For time and for eternity.
Thou Bride of Christ, with garments pure,
Stand fast in Him—thy hope is sure;
That Jesus comes proclaim abroad—
O, Zion, glorify thy God.

NEARING HOME.

NEARING home, O blest assurance,
How it nerves us for endurance;
Ring the notes with oft recurrence,
We are nearing home!

See the darkness 'round us thicken,
Men with fear shall soon be stricken;
Pilgrims, now your footsteps quicken,
We are nearing home.

Faithful to the Master ever,
Falter in the race-course never;
Soon we'll be with Christ forever,
We are nearing home.

Lo, He comes with glory blazing,
See the world in terror gazing;
Changed, we rise, with rapture praising—
Then we'll rest at home.

EVENING SHADES AND MORNING LIGHT.

THE world's day weareth to its eventide:
With solemn sweep
The silent shadows, down the mountain side,
Fall long and deep.
In boding clouds sinks down the cheerless light,
But morning cometh hand in hand with night.

Long hath the noon of pride and wrong blazed high,
And Satan reigned;
And man blasphemed; and sin sent forth its cry;
And earth complained.
But few were looking for the day of doom—
Few prayed the year of the redeemed might come.

And still, 'mid portents of fast coming woe,
They make mad mirth.
Pomp lights the festal chamber, and they grow
Wanton on earth.
They plant, they build—choose Sodom's smiling lot,
And in derision cry, "Why comes he not?"

O, dweller of the earth, fear comes on thee!
The pit—the snare—
Darkness in heaven—trouble on the sea—
O'er all despair.
Sorrow and anguish on the world shall fall,
And death, and doom, and darkness cover all.

But lo! a gleaming from the watch-tower seen—
A star of dawn!
Though long and weary hath the darkness been,

'T will soon be gone,
The treasured ray, that burned thro' all the night,
At last is kindling into morning light.

Yes! to the church no day has come as yet
To chase her fears;
Her path to glory hath been dark and wet
With blood and tears.
Her eyes have failed with looking for the day,
It seemed so fair and yet so far away.

The days grow darker, but she sings, "'T is well;
He cometh now!"
The winds that smite the cedar only swell
Her fig-tree bough.
Still, as the dark clouds threaten, hers grow bright—
Their cloud of darkness is her pillared light.

Sing praise, thou watcher at the door of hope—
Thy last by night!
Dark is the threshold, but the portals ope—
Lo! all is bright.
The Bridegroom cometh: hark! He calls thee home;
Ere thou "believe for joy" He shall have come.

OUR COMMON ENEMY.

WHO has not felt the keen and bitter pang
Of sad bereavement? Who hast not a friend
Asleep in some lone graveyard? Therefore we
With earnest longings pray that death may end.

But Death — is he our friend and not a foe?
And is man but a cage, as many say,
Which can be severed at a stroke, then flee
The soul or bird to realms of endless day?

No; Death's a tyrant that shall hold full sway
Until our blessed Lord shall come again
To usher in the bright eternal day,
And snap in twain forever his dark chain.

Yes, that same voice that stilled the wind and waves
In olden times, shall shout as He descends,
And waking dead shall rise, and shall be judged
All righteously. Here death and darkness ends.

But Christians have a hope that bears them up
Above affliction's billows dark and drear:
For while they're called to drink the bitter cup,
The hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

Yea, to the child of God death seemeth rest,
For calmly passeth he through waters deep;
By faith he leans his head on Jesus' breast,
And sweet and hopefully he falls asleep.

The ancient abbey's walls may crumbled be —
All ivy-clad the portions that remain;
Though tott'ring tomb-stones clothed with moss we see,
Yet saints who sleep beneath shall live again.

For them that sleep in Jesus, God shall bring
With Him; for theirs the everlasting prize:
All clothed immortal, they'll hosannas sing,
As over death triumphant they arise.

O haste thee, haste thee, happy, glorious day,
When sickness, pain and death shall be no more—
When our last enemy shall be destroyed,
And when the saints shall meet on Eden's shore.

In that glad day the heavens above shall ring
With loud sweet anthems of the joyous throng:
"All glory be to God and to the Lamb!"
They cry, and heavenly hosts the notes prolong.

And as the ransomed ones march 'round the throne
Of their Redeemer—Zion's beauteous King,
Their golden harps they strike: "Worthy the Lamb
Who conquered death!" exultantly they sing.

THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

ONCE more we hear the voice of Father Time,
And solemnly his accents strike the ear:
'Tis midnight, and the bells join in their chime—
Farewell, for aye farewell, another year!
As retrospectively our eyes we cast
O'er ups and downs of days and years gone by,
Events both sweet and sad go flitting past;
'Tis here a smile, there tears bedim the eye:
A happy scene recalled, sweet faces there
Of loved ones fondly cherished. Why that tear?
Long since we laid away their forms so fair
In lone and silent graves. O Christ, appear!
Yes, Saviour, come, and bid the dead arise,
That we those dear ones may embrace once more,
And dwell together 'neath the balmy skies,
Companions ever, all sad partings o'er.

But to return. Another year has fled,
And its events are numbered with the past;
Its prayers are offered, and its tears are shed;
Its seeds of future joys and sorrows cast.
Its trials, toils and strivings are no more,
Ended its sunshine and its clouds of gloom,
Its storms, disasters, tempests, all are o'er—
Portentous tokens of the day of doom.
But still the world runs on. It heedeth not
The solemn warnings of God's holy Word:
On, on it sweeps, as in the days of Lot,
Regardless of the overhanging sword.
The sword shall fall; the day of wrath shall come;
And Zion's Conqueror shall soon appear:
O may these truths to every heart strike home,

At this the threshold of another year;
For as the years roll on hope sees the strand
Not far ahead — the golden Eden shore —
When with one foot on sea and one on land,
Messiah shall proclaim, "Time is no more."

Another year! Weigh well thy deeds and prayers,
For Christ what hast thou sown—what hast thou done?
In the great day shall it be wheat or tares
That thou shalt cast before the judgment throne?
Beyond recall the past; but it is ours
To labor now, and to redeem the time —
Employ the moments and spend well the hours —
Performing every duty line by line.

Another year! What shall the present bring?
The darkness deepens, and night draweth near:
But soon shall heaven with loud hozannas ring,
Proclaiming unto Zion, "Thy King is here."
For morning cometh also with the night,
When comforted shall be Christ's weeping Bride,
And faith shall burst into eternal sight —
The saints forever by their Saviour's side.
O Zion, much beloved of God, rejoice;
Awake, arise, e'en now dry up thy tears;
In songs of praise and triumph lift thy voice,
Redemption is at hand, dawn-light appears.
But in this morning hour, O watch and pray,
For suddenly thy Saviour shall descend:
"In such an hour as ye think not," the day
Shall burst, and all things mortal have an end.

Another year! O sinner, Time doth fly,
And yet thou art unsheltered from the blast;
See yonder Rock of Ages — thither fly,
Into the arms of Jesus thyself cast.

Once sheltered there, a Father's loving arm
Shall thee protect. The tempest loud may roar,
And billows toss, but safe from all alarm
Are those in Christ — at last they'll die no more.

Good-bye, Old Year! The youthful heart beats high,
The longed-for holidays at length have come;
Yet many disappointed heave a sigh,
As turning from vain folly they seek home.
True pleasure is a gem on earth most rare;
Seek where thou wilt, 't is only found in Him,
The lowly One, who did our sorrows share,
Whose precious blood doth cleanse us from all sin.
O sweet indeed the joy for young or old
To meet as children of heaven's glorious King:
Communion blest! The sweet old story told,
To blend their voices, and glad anthems sing.
Blest holy worship! — this is joy supreme,
For with his own the Saviour still abides:
A heavenly walk, a holy life our theme,
Then soar we far above earth's swelling tides.

Another year! The sands have ebbed once more;
O swiftly floweth Time's unceasing tide:
But Zion's ship draws near the tranquil shore,
And safely o'er the billows doth she ride;
Soon anchored in the haven of Sweet Rest,
Her passengers all landed on the shore,
Their portion hence, forever with the blest,
Her voyage then is ended — storms all o'er.
O weary one upon life's stormy sea,
Look up; Christ Jesus mighty is to save,
Behold his loving hand stretched forth to thee;
A little longer ply the oar; be brave,
'T is but a little while, and He will come

To cheer the lonely with his tender voice:
The warfare ended and the race all run,
Zion with songs of triumph shall rejoice.

Time speeds away, but who would stop his pace?
"O come, Lord Jesus," is the pilgrim's prayer;
Then time speed on, that we may see his face;
The joys unfading, and his glories share.
A crown ahead, then long we for the same,
And longing we must pray, "Thy kingdom come,"
When angels with sweet voices shall proclaim
The reaping over and the harvest home.
A hallowed home beyond—a peaceful clime—
Where in the balmy groves sweet warblers sing—
Where all is bright, and holy, and sublime,
And saints to Zion's King their tributes bring.
For such a home as this, who would not pray
The Lord to hasten in his own good time?
O wand'rer, shall we meet you in that day?
And shall that peaceful hallowed home be thine?

The years fly past; eternity draws near:
Flee to the Ark; lay hold eternal life.
The world's true Light shall soon again appear;
Then ends forever all the bitter strife.
Th' eternal sun shall rise to set no more;
Restored shall be the bloom of Eden fair,
Nor thorn nor brier seen on that blest shore;
Instead the fir and myrtle shall be there.
The curse removed, eternal ages roll,
The hills and valleys with God's glory shine,
All bliss from east to west, from pole to pole:
Farewell, henceforth, forever, Father Time!

THE LAND OF REST.

THERE is a land, a fairer land than this;
A land of rest, and peace, and joy and bliss;
A land where saints immortalized shall dwell,
And perfect love shall every bosom swell.

By faith the ancients saw this land afar,
God's word prophetic was their guiding star;
Hope cheered the gloom that sin o'er nature cast,
And pointed to a sinless home at last.

God promised it to Abraham of old,
And to his seed, as we are plainly told;
That seed is CHRIST, and if we are but his,
Heirs with Him are we to this land of bliss.

A land "far off," 't was called in days of yore,
But now 'tis near at hand, e'en at the door;
Hail, peaceful clime — sweet Paradise restored —
Where God from sea to sea shall be adored.

Our precious Saviour there shall ever reign,
The heavenly Bridegroom with his Bride remain;
No more shall weary pilgrims mourn and sigh,
Nor tears shall evermore bedim the eye.

The meek, the lowly, and the pure in heart,
Shall meet in that blest home no more to part;
The earth renewed, their rest for aye shall be,
And Zion's King, so lovely, they shall see.

From east to west mellifluent voices ring,
And saints with heart and voice extol their King:
Like voice of mighty thunderings they raise
Their hallelujahs, and their songs of praise.

Thrice holy is the Lord! the seraphs cry,
And angel voices too are sounding high,
Proclaiming glory to the great I AM,
And saints exclaim, All worthy is the Lamb!

O harmony so sweet—no discord there:
Melodious, holy strains float through the air,
And harpers too are mingled with the throng,
Who sing before the throne the sacred song.

On Calvary a glory then shall rest,
A sweet retreat 'twill be for all the blest,
A hallowed spot throughout eternity;
'Tis there we'll sing the anthem of the free.

And Eden's fields so beautiful we'll roam,
With Jesus ever, and for aye at home:
Sweet heavenly rest, we long to enter there,
Where we with gladness shall thy glories share.

Thy rivers and thy rills we yearn to see—
Pellucid streams that flow eternally:
Thy mountains glory-gilt, thy valleys green,
Thy gardens, groves and flowers of heavenly sheen.

Hail blessed, happy home, sweet land divine,
Where peace shall reign, and heaven's own light shall shine:
Hail, hail, all hail! Messiah quickly come,
And sound the conflict o'er, the victory won.

GOD'S TEMPLE.

SLOWLY and steadily, calmly and silently,
Groweth a Temple, majestic and grand;
Fair in its comeliness, goodly and glorious,
'Neath an invisible Architect's hand:
Built by the Holy One, Jesus the "corner-stone,"
Precious, elect in the counsels divine;
All his believing ones, polished and precious stones,
Gathered with toil in his Temple to shine.

Lo, its foundations lie deep as Eternity;
Higher than heaven its towers ascend;
Brighter by far than the sun's richest glories are,
Lasting as God is, it never shall end!
Faultless in symmetry, stainless in purity,
Perfect in loveliness, God shall behold
Here, in his spotless shrine, all his rich glories shine,
Here see fulfilled his high counsels of old.

Never hath hammer-stroke yet, or the chisel, woke
Earth's startled echoes at noonday or night,
While, all unceasingly, aye, and increasingly,
Still it hath risen in grandeur and might!
Desert and forest-land, valley and mountains grand,
Thrill to the tread of the toilers that go
Seeking God's precious stones, beautiful "hidden ones,"
Soon in his Temple's rich setting to glow.

And, as it riseth thus, more and more glorious,
While the slow ages glide silently past,
Angels, with wond'ring eyes, watch the fair mystery—
Watch till the "HEADSTONE" be brought forth at last;
Watch, till the sons of Earth, roused from their guilty mirth,
Be hurled in an instant from power and place;
And the glad universe, freed from sin's cruel curse,
Ring and re-echo with shoutings of GRACE!

TIRED.

DEAR Saviour, the path is so dreary,
No shelter the waysides afford;
My feet are all bleeding and weary;
I long for a view of my Lord.
My heart is o'ershadowed with sadness,
My harp by no song is inspired,
Its strings give no echo of gladness,
'Tis tuneless—I 'm tired, so tired!

The tempter his forces has gathered,
And marshalled them all to the fray;
O, when will the gale be outweathered
And sunbeams illumine my way?
Blind, blind, in the dark do I wander,
My feet in the clay-pits are mired,
His forces do bear my soul under—
My strength fails—I'm tired, so tired!

I sought on this earth for pure pleasures,
How lovely they glowed from afar;
My heart, how it beat to its measures,
Ambition my lone guiding star!
But earth gave no pleasure existence,
In vain were its splendors admired,
They vanished like clouds in the distance,
And left me, poor wanderer, so tired!

The friends I so lovingly cherished
Pass coldly, unheedingly by;
While some by the wayside have perished,
Down in the lone valley they lie;
For them I neglected my Bible,

Their presence was all I desired;
God saw and removed my dear idols,
And left my poor spirit so tired!

"Look up," do I hear my Lord saying?
I do! 'Tis the blessed One's voice.
"Look up, behold where thou art straying,
I bid thee return and rejoice.
Earth's joys are a vain empty bubble,
Come lean thy lone head on my breast;
The wicked shall here never trouble,
And the tired ones ever find REST.

Apparently have I forsaken
To let thee pass under the rod;
Thy idols and joys have I taken,
To show thee the joys of thy God."
Yes, Lord, too long I've been straying,
Too long earthly pleasures admired;
I'll drink now where life's fount is playing,
And where weary ones never grow tired.

I'll patiently trust and grow stronger,
Our Lord in the clouds soon will come:
With loved ones—then idols no longer—
We'll enter our glorious HOME.
Afflictions here round us may center,
We'll soon reach the haven desired;
Where sickness and death cannot enter,
And no one shall say, I am tired.

OUT IN THE COLD.

OUT in the cold, and stormy is the sky;
The night is setting in, no shelter nigh;
Deep is the snow and biting is the blast,
All shivering she stands, a poor outcast.
A parent's wounded pride drives her away—
She has no place to go, nowhere to stay;
Shame burns upon her cheek, sad is her heart,
From friends held dear, and home, compelled to part.
Farewell, she sighs, and scalding tears flow down
Her crimson cheeks. But ah, that parent's frown
Strikes with a shudder to her heart, as she
Pursues her flight. Alas what misery!
"My God!" she cries, "say whither shall I flee—
No one to pity, none to hear my plea.
O Father, canst thou send from heaven above
One pitying glance—one token of thy love?"
Recalled to mind a portion of God's word,
It seemed a comfort sent from Christ the Lord.
She mused: "Christ found a sinner great as I,
Nor did He suffer such an one to die:
When cruel men stood by with stone in hand,
'Let him that hath no sin,' was his command,
'Throw the first stone,' but none were thrown.
They left, and Jesus stood with her alone:
But what did Jesus say, though Son of God?
Did He in angry tones apply the rod?
'Since man hath not condemned thee, nor will I;
Go thou and sin no more,' his mild reply.
O had my lot been cast in days of old!
But ah, those piercing winds, so cold, so cold!"

The night came on. The snow was drifting high.
Filled with despair she cried, "And must I die
Forsaken and undone, on mercy cast?
A shelter is there none from this cold blast?"
A light appears. A humble cot is found,
Admittance sought; she hears the welcome sound,
"Come in, for cold indeed the night, poor child;
And whither going on a night so wild?"
Her story told, sweet comfort finds she there,
And thanks ascend to God at family prayer.
Untold the joy her benefactors feel
As thus before God's throne they humbly kneel,
And praise they render, for their hearts are full;
'T is written, "Blessed are the merciful."
O blessed Spirit of God's holy Son!
That teaches man to lift the fallen one—
That weepeth o'er the erring, helps the poor—
That turneth not the wand'rer from the door—
That comforteth the lonely and the sad,
And in the midst of sorrow maketh glad.

O wandering sinner, far from God and home,
Return, return, why wilt thou longer roam?
Night cometh soon; the evening shades do fall;
Behold heaven's light, and heed the Master's call.
If thou art weary, He shall give thee rest;
The burden He shall bear if sin oppres'd;
If sinking in despair, He'll lift thee up;
He drank for such as thee a bitter cup.
If darkness thee surrounds, a heavenly ray
Shall light thy path, and brighten all thy day.
If captive bound thou art, He will release;
If troubled is thy heart, He'll send thee peace;
If tribulation be thy lot, why fear?
List, 'tis the Master's voice, "Be of good cheer."

The world He overcame that you might be
Partaker of his glorious liberty.
In every circumstance of life thou'lt find
In Christ a friend all merciful and kind:
O prodigal, on God's free gift lay hold!
Why wilt thou longer roam out in the cold?

MY PRAYER.

FATHER in heaven, God of love,
Seated in glory high above,
Look down upon us through our Lord;
Fulfill to us thy promised word.

For thy blest Spirit now we wait,
To help us in our needy state;
Pour down from heaven the gracious shower,
Immerse us with thy Spirit's power.

For mercies past thy name we praise,
For guarding us from dangerous ways,
For guiding in the path of life,
Away from darkness, sin and strife.

Now gracious God, arm us with might,
For faith's grand overcoming fight;
Endow with wisdom, power and skill,
Perfect in us thy holy will.

THE KING OF ZION.

HE heals the sick, restores the groping blind,
Cheers the desponding, destitute and low;
His tender heart, compassionate and kind,
E'er moves in pity at the sight of woe.
He calls the dead to life and strength again,
And brings salvation to the sons of men.

And some believe, while others doubt and sneer,
Some hear his word with solemn, sacred joy;
Some shun his pathway and his presence fear,
Whom fiendish men are seeking to destroy.
But from those sacred lips are never heard
To heartless foes an unforgiving word.

And when at last on Calvary's rugged side,
He meekly bows beneath the stroke of death,
For cruel foes who mockingly deride,
He prays for pardon with his fainting breath.
And thus he dies upon the shameful tree:
O wondrous mercy! Love beyond degree!

'Tis finished all—the fearful debt is paid:
When lo, an angel from the dazzling skies
Descends in splendor where his form is laid,
And bids the Prince of Glory now arise.
A heavenly radiance lights the darkened gloom,
As Christ comes forth, victorious o'er the tomb.

And when at last with painful, throbbing heart,
With sad foreboding and with tearful eye,
The sorrowing behold their Lord depart

In cloudy chariot to the opening sky.
Two glorious beings, beauteous and bright,
Stand by their side arrayed in garments white.

"Why stand ye here, ye men of Galilee,
To gaze in grief at your ascending Lord?
For this same Jesus, slain on Calvary,
Shall come again according to his word.
In kingly glory shall he then appear—
His word is sure, why do ye doubt and fear?"

Yes, He WILL come again, our mighty King:
These blessed words our drooping spirits cheer;
And as the trees put forth their leaves in Spring,
E'en so the signs portend his coming near.
Ye tardy years, roll on, and bring the day
When his bright chariot shall no longer stay.

The lame shall leap, the sightless eye shall see,
And desert waste shall blossom as the rose;
Our mighty Prince in power and majesty
Shall reign victorious over all his foes,
And saints shall dwell upon the new made earth,
More glorious still than at creation's birth.

THY WAY—NOT MINE.

THY way—not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might.
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else surely I might stray.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem:
Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, but thine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

BEHOLD YOUR KING.

BEHOLD your King! Though the moonlight steals
Through the silvery shade of the olive tree,
No star-gemmed sceptre or crown it reveals,
In the solemn shades of Gethsemane;
Only a form of prostrate grief—
Fallen, crushed, like a broken leaf.
O think of his sorrow, that ye may know
The depth of love in the depth of woe!

Behold your King! Is it nothing to you,
That the crimson tokens of agony
From the kingly brow must fall like dew,
Through the shuddering shades of Gethsemane?
Jesus himself, the Prince of Life,
Bows in mysterious mortal strife.
O think of his sorrow, that ye may know
The untold love in the untold woe!

Behold your King with sorrow crowned!
Alone, alone in the valley is He!
The shadows of death are gathering 'round,
And the Cross must follow Gethsemane.
Darker and darker the gloom must fall,
Filled is the cup—He must drink it all!
O think of his sorrow, that ye may know
His wondrous love in his wondrous woe!

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

MEEK and lowly Son of God,
When his native land He trod,
By the haughty was despised—
Little they his teaching prized.
But the humble, near the Lord,
Gathered 'round to hear his word;
Sweet his tones all touched with grace,
Love's bright beam shone from his face.

Gentle, sinless, loving Lamb,
Image of the great I AM.
What compassion filled his breast,
How He yearned for the oppressed!
Friend of sinners was his name,
Healer of the sick and lame;
Deaf and blind doth hear and see,
Devils from his presence flee.

See Him toiling here and there,
On his brow the marks of care;
Anxious that He may fulfill
All his Father's gracious will.
Homeless pilgrim on the earth,
Ranked is He of lowest birth;
Spurns He from him mortal fame—
To redeem the lost He came.

Spends He not an idle hour;
Now He shows his mighty power,
Next He seeks some lone retreat,
Where Jehovah He may meet.

By the grave of one who sleeps,
With the mourning friends He weeps,
To his Father lifts his eyes,
Bids the dead forthwith arise.

On the ship where none molests,
Now the weary Saviour rests;
There reclines that lovely form,
Undisturbed by waves or storm.
Waked from sleep, He calmly stands,
And the winds and waves command;
Mark! the winds their ragings cease;
Lo! the waves are lulled to peace.

In yon humble mountain cot,
With the poor He shares their lot;
There with loved ones finds repose
From the strife of angry foes.
Lord and Master, truly He,
Pattern of humility;
Stoops He to the servant's seat,
Washes his disciples' feet.

To Gethsemane He hies,
On the ground He prostrate lies,
Anguish bleeds from every pore;
Lone He spends that bitter hour.
Darkest hour is now at hand,
Onward comes a ruthless band;
By a kiss our Lord's betrayed,
And to judgment quickly led.

False accusers there are sought,
Then to Pilate He is brought;
Next to Herod is He sent,
On his death they are intent.

Hark! what noise is that afar?
'Tis a shout at Pilate's bar;
List! O hear the spiteful cry,
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

Cries and threats at length prevail,
Pilate yields Him to their will,
With the lash he has Him scourged;
Then to Calvary He's urged.
Slowly now his way He wends,
'Neath the heavy cross He bends;
Patiently He moves along,
Followed by a mocking throng.

Like a lamb to slaughter led,
Not a threat'ning word He said;
Crown of thorns and mock-robes wore;
Every insult meekly bore.
Stretched upon the cross He hangs,
Bears for sinners untold pangs:
Hark! his voice is raised in prayer
For his murderers scoffing there.

When at length the blessed Son,
All his Father's will has done,
Loud He cries with dying breath,
Bows his head and yields to death.
On the third, th' appointed day,
Gloomy death gives up his prey;
Calm blest morn! now from the tomb,
See the mighty Victor come.

Hopeful hearts with rapture swell,
As the joyful news they tell;
Now their company He seeks,
Of the coming kingdom speaks.

Called to sit at God's right hand,
In a cloud see Him ascend;
Now for saints He intercedes,
Tells his Father of our needs.

When He shall again appear,
Scorners shall before Him fear;
On the rocks and mountains call,
Terror shall their hearts appall.
But the holy then shall sing
Praises to their coming King;
They eternal glory share,
As they meet Him in the air.

TRUTH.

THOU must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach:
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

HEAVIER THE CROSS.

HEAVIER the cross the nearer Zion;
No cross without, no Lord within—
Death, judgment from the heart are driven,
Amid the world's false glare and din.
O, happy he with all his loss,
Whom God has set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better Christian;
This is the touchstone God applies.
How many a garden would be wasting,
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root,
The vine juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit;
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier the prayer;
The bruised reeds most fragrant are;
If sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying;
Death is a friendly face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,

From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified, the cross I carry,
The longer may it dearer be;
And lest I faint while here I tarry,
Implant thou such a heart in me,
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for the cross my crown I wear.

EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS.

YES, come, blessed Lord, for we long to behold thee,
Thou chief 'mong ten thousand, thou glorious King,
Beloved of the Father, e'en angels adore thee,
And mortals for joy at thy coming now sing.

Ye heavens sound your praises, ye saints lift your voices,
Send forth hallelujahs, let all join the strain;
Arise, clap your hands; e'en the desert rejoices,
And blooms as the rose at his coming again.

O haste, haste the moment when all shall be gladness,
Forever with Jesus, forever at home;
No more to be known neither sighing nor sadness,
When those who o'ercome shall sit down in his throne.

Then come, precious Jesus, Redeemer so lovely;
O heaven, burst thy veil, let the glory appear;
Awake, slumb'ring pilgrim, arise, look around thee,
Know this: Zion's morning is solemnly near!

ZION'S BANNERS.

BRIDE of Christ, thy banners raise,
And let them proudly wave,
The King of Zion cometh soon,
Then let thy march be brave.

Let TRUTH float high upon the breeze,
Nor let it suffer loss,
And 'midst each howling storm maintain
The standard of the CROSS.

Let FAITH, OBEDIENCE, WORKS, stream forth,
A mighty banner this—
If borne in sweet humility
'Twill carry thee to bliss.

Hold fast the banner of our HOPE
That Jesus soon shall come,
To take his Bride unto himself,
And to a lovely home.

And LOVE—sweet, holy love, so pure—
Must float above them all;
For he that loveth knoweth God,
His feet shall never fall.

'Twas love that floated 'round the cross
On which our Saviour died;
'Twas love that caused the stream to flow
From yonder pierced side.

But higher still o'er all must float,
As we to Zion press,
A banner waving, glistening, bright,
Its name—TRUE HOLINESS.

O Bride of Christ, awake! arise!
And let thy fruits be seen;
Behold the Bridegroom cometh soon,
Earth's harvest He will glean.

And thou shalt gather golden grain
From off that harvest-field,
Into the Master's garner; then
Lift up thy sword and shield,

And march along with firmer tread;
Thy banners proudly raise,
And let thy martial music be
A swelling song of praise.

HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar
And smile for joy. We say, "How fair they are—
Tree, rock and heather-bloom—so clear and bright!"
But when the sun draws near in westering night,
Enfolding all in one transcendant blaze
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness, that we,
Whose swift, short hours of day so quickly run,
So overflowed with love and light may be,
So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
That not our light, but thine, the world may see;
New praise to thee through our poor lives be won.

WE SHALL MEET.

WE have wandered oft together,
At the hour of setting sun;
Shall we wander thus together,
When the toils of life are done?

Many hours we've spent together,
Scenes of joy and grief have known;
Shall we spend the hours together
When the joy will be alone?

Sad indeed would be our parting,
If we hoped to meet no more:
But although the tears are starting,
Look we to a brighter shore.

Dark indeed would be the morrow
When apart we sadly roam,
If beyond this world of sorrow
We could see no happier home.

But we've heard a joyful story
Of a land that's bright and fair,
And we hope to share its glory,
And to meet each other there.

Swiftly onward to the ocean
Roll the troubled waves of time,
Bearing us with every motion
Nearer to the blessed clime.

Soon the tears that now are starting,
With their causes will be o'er;
Soon the hand now clasped in parting,
Will be joined forevermore.

We have shared one home together,
We have sat around one board;
And we 'll find a home together
In the Paradise restored.

OUR HOPE.

PILGRIMS and strangers here we roam,
Longing for our eternal home;
Heedless of scorn we onward press,
Through this dark lonely wilderness.

Fleshpots of Egypt left behind,
Heavenly manna now we find:
Hope points us to the promised land,
Where on Mount Zion we shall stand.

A little longer here we stay,
Till Jesus ushers in the day;
Bright morn! we hail its glorious dawn,
When we from time shall be withdrawn.

Soon, robed amid the clouds of light,
Shall our dear Lord appear in sight;
The cowered nations then shall wail,
While we with joy his coming hail.

COMING AGAIN.

COMING again! To gather his jewels,
Our blessed Messiah and glorified King:
Coming again! Our hope and our glory,
O well may his people with rapture now sing.

Coming again! Soft words full of music,
And soon we sweet voices of angels shall hear,
Rending the air with loud hallelujahs,
Proclaiming to Zion, "Thy King doth appear."

Coming again! But dark clouds of omen
Are fast settling down upon this wicked world:
Coming again! Yet sinners despise it,
And soon shall all such to perdition be hurled.

Coming again! The last shades of evening
Are closing around us. Soon MORN will appear:
Coming again! The door now is closing,
The Master ariseth, and soon He'll be here.

Coming again! The heavens declare it,
And star-gazers tell us that woes are at hand;
Quickly it comes, the great time of trouble—
E'en now the first droppings do fall on the land.

Coming again! To Christ flee for refuge;
His voice still entreats the poor wand'rer to come:
Coming again! O seek now thy Saviour,
For soon He will gather his ransomed ones home.

Coming again! O wake, slumbering virgin,
Replenish thy vessel with oil from on high;
Trim now thy lamp, for behold He is coming,
For whom thou hast longed and heaved many a sigh.

Coming again! The King in his beauty,
So fair and so lovely, the glorified One:
Coming again! O Zion so favored,
Thy garments shall soon gleam as yonder bright sun.

Coming again! Yes, come blessed Jesus,
We long to behold thee in glory descend:
Coming again! The pure and the holy
Forever in praises their voices shall blend.

Coming again! Our own precious Saviour
Forever! O blessed hope, ever with thee:
Coming again! O prospect transporting;
Our joys then unfading, thy glory to see.

Coming again! Like swift flash of lightning,
Or sudden as thunder-peal strikes on the ear:
Coming again! Prepare ye to meet Him—
Prepare for eternity—lo, it is near!

THE JUDGMENT.

O DAY of wonders, when the dead shall rise,
The Lord of glory shall from heaven descend
With shout, and with the trump of God; and skies
With the archangel's mighty voice shall rend.

The earth shall quake; the wicked, filled with fear,
Shall cry aloud: "Rocks, mountains, on us fall!"
The day of wrath, the day of judgment here —
The dead arising hear the Master's call.

"To judgment! come to judgment!" now He cries:
The good, the bad are all assembled there,
And trembling stand before those flaming eyes,
And sinners shriek aloud in wild despair.

"According to thy works," it then shall be:
If good thy record, life eternal thine —
This mortal clothed with immortality,
In God's blest kingdom thou shalt henceforth shine.

But if thy page be dark, thy doom is sealed:
"Depart from me, ye cursed." List the cries!
What weeping, wailing, gnashing teeth! Revealed
Thy sins so loathsome; lost for aye the prize.

And scoffers in that day shall quake with fear,
As they behold the Judge upon his throne,
Nor shall they longer mock at "judgment near,"
In bitterness of soul they'll cry, "UNDONE!"

The judgment o'er, the saints with Christ shall reign
Forever in a peaceful holy land;
Then haste, dear Lord, O haste and come again,
That we on Zion's holy hill may stand!

LONE WANDERER, COME.

COME, weary one, O come!
Thy Saviour calls thee home;
Leave this dark world behind for aye,
Why wilt thou longer roam?

Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice:
"Come lean upon my breast,
Thy sorrows all shall flee away,
And thou shalt have sweet rest."

Thy burden He hath borne
In sad Gethsemane;
And O how sorrowful his soul
On dark Mount Calvary.

What! wilt thou still reject?
Dear lonely wanderer, come;
God offers thee both life and peace,
And an eternal home.

O heed his voice to-day,
Return, thou wayward child,
Nor longer stay 'neath heaven's frown,
But be thou reconciled.

Thy path shall then be bright—
Darkness forever fled,
And by a loving Father's hand,
Thou shalt henceforth be led.

Then come, lone wanderer, come,
And have sweet joys untold:
A pure white robe—a dazzling crown—
A palm—a harp of gold.

THE NIGHT FAR SPENT, THE DAY AT HAND.

WE are journeying on in a wilderness way,
Enshrouded by gloom, but waiting for day;
For the glad day of rest, from sin ever free,
When the saints with their Saviour forever shall be:
Where the storm winds of time shall be hushed into rest,
And the weary, worn pilgrim, be happy and blest.
For this we wait here in the gloom of the night,
And watch for the day o'er the far mountain height:
And a sweet voice speaks to the lone waiting band—
"The night is far spent, and the day is at hand."

So our hearts are glad, though the darkness is deep,
And some of the pilgrims have fallen asleep,
And some have forsaken the straight narrow way,
And hopelessly wander in deserts astray;
And some have forgotten that glory and rest
Are waiting for us in the home of the blest;
And scoffers make light of God's promise so true
Of the blest restitution. Yet faith's eye may view
The promise fulfilled on the glory-lit strand—
"The night is far spent, and the day is at hand."

Already we see, o'er the mountain afar,
The herald of day—the bright morning star:
There are signs of the dawn in the orient skies,
And the sun of eternity shortly shall rise.
It shines on the mountain, and soon it will throw
Its glorious light on the valley below.
Then nature shall bloom in the smile of her Lord,
And the wayworn pilgrims receive their reward.
Our rest will be sweet in the bright morning land—
"The night is far spent, and the day is at hand."

NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

NOT where to lay thy head? Methinks
The grand hills thou hast trod
Were proud to wind their green arms 'round
The couch where slept my Lord.
The stern old mountains never knew,
Nor isle, nor rock, nor sea,
Nor wondering earth, a pageantry
So bright as circled thee.

No dwelling place!—but low and sweet
The winds sink down and die;
And all the long night angel feet
In shining ranks go by.
Time's startled kingdoms never woke
A song which deeper swept
Than when o'er earth in music broke
This anthem, "Jesus wept."

The palace gate hath sword and spear
To shield its royal breast:
Only the great deep stars were here
To guard thy place of rest.
Not where to sleep! Methinks within
Each isle, and mount, and sea,
Struggled a thousand prisoned tones,
O Christ, to welcome thee.

The wanderer has his bed of straw,
The prisoner knows his cell;
The gray old eagle's eyrie saw
The meteors where they fell;
The white waves capped with spray are furled,
The red sun seeks the west;
But, peerless Monarch of the world,
Thou hadst no place of rest.

WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

THE Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shore of time:
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a chant sublime.
"Come give me your hand," cried the merry World,
"And walk with me this way."
But the good Church hid her snowy hands,
And solemnly answered "Nay;
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you:
Your way is the way to endless death—
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World with a kindly air:
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there.
Your path is rough and thorny and rude,
And mine is broad and plain:
My road is paved with flowers and dew,
And yours with tears and pain:
The sky above me is always blue,
No want, no toil I know:
Your sky above you is always dark—
Your lot is a lot of woe.
My path you see is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide:
There's room enough for you and me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow:

The old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low:
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,
I will give you pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace:
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell,
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," cried the proud old World,
"I'll build you one like mine:
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful home,
Splendid it was to behold:
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwell there,
Gleaming in purple and gold:
And fairs and shows in her halls were held,
And the World and his children were there,
And laughter and music and feasts were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and great
To sit in their pomp and pride,
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church
And whispered, "I know thy sin:"
Then the Church looked back with a sigh, and longed
To gather her children in.
But some were off to the midnight ball,
And some were off to the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
So she quickly went her way.
Then the sly World gallantly said to her:
"Your children mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports;"
So she leaned on the proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers
As she walked along with the World,
While millions swept down by the giddy stream—
To perdition dark were hurled.
"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World with a sneer:
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I would not have them hear;
They talk of judgment, when Christ shall come,
And of a dark and woeful night,
Of plagues and of wrath—such should not be
E'er mentioned to ears polite.

I will send you some of another stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they list,
And go to Zion at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think He would take one child to himself
And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned,

And the plain old men who preached the cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do:
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine;
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and choicest wine.
My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."

Then the Church held tightly the strings of her purse,
And gracefully bowed her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away;
I'll do, sir, as you said."
So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by.
And the sons of the World and the sons of the Church
Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Master who knoweth all
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said:
"I am rich and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
And the sly World heard her and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside:

"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy seat,
And whispered in sighs her name,
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne:
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
'I am rich,' and hast not known
That thou art naked and poor and blind,
And wretched before my face:
Therefore from my presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."

THE WAY OF PEACE.

IF sin be in the heart
The fairest sky is foul, and sad the Summer weather,
The eye no longer sees the lambs at play together,
The dull ear cannot hear the birds that sing so sweetly,
And all the joy of God's good earth is gone completely—
If sin be in the heart.

If CHRIST be in the heart,
The wildest Winter storm is full of solemn beauty,
The midnight lightning-flash but shows the path of duty,
Each living creature tells some new and joyous story,
The very trees and stones all catch a ray of glory—
If CHRIST be in the heart.

SPEAK FOR JESUS.

SPEAK EARNEST words for Jesus,
For time is rushing on;
And soon both taught and teacher
Must stand before the Throne.

Speak SIMPLE words for Jesus,
Which all may understand;
Give liberally the manna
Entrusted to your hand.

Speak GOSPEL words for Jesus—
Tell how for us He died;
How each may have salvation
Since Christ was crucified.

Speak LOVING words for Jesus,
For love may strike a chord
Whose harmonies will vibrate
In music for the Lord.

Speak HAPPY words for Jesus,
Just show what He can do,
To make such rifts in sorrow
That sunlight must shine through.

Speak PATIENT words for Jesus
To those who long have erred:
You do not know how rarely
They hear a patient word.

Speak WHISPERED words for Jesus,
To some poor timid soul,
Who hardly dares acknowledge
Her wish to be made whole.

Speak PARTING words for Jesus,
In loving, tender tones;
Your hearers next may meet you
Before the GREAT WHITE THRONE.

HOW LONG?

DO they still linger—these slow-treading ages?
How long must we still bear their cold delay?
Streak after streak the glowing dawn presages,
And yet it breaks not—the expected day!

Each tossing year with prophet lip hath spoken:
"Prepare your praises; earth, awake and sing!"
And yet yon dome of blue remains unbroken—
No tidings yet of the descending King!

Darkness still darkens; nearer now and nearer
The lightnings gleam; the sea's scorched billows moan,
And the sere leaf of earth is growing serer:
Creation droops, and heaves a bitter groan.

O storm and earthquake, wind and warring thunder,
Your hour is coming! One wild outburst more,
One other day of war, and wreck, and plunder,
And then your desolating reign is o'er.

These plains are not your battle-field forever:
That glassy deep was never made for you:
These mountains were not made for you to shiver:
These buds are not for your rude hands to strew.

Flee, and give back to earth its verdant gladness—
The early freshness of its unsoiled dew:
Take hence your sackcloth, with its stormy sadness,
And let these wrinkled skies their youth renew.

Come back, thou holy love, so rudely banished
When evil came, and hate, and fear, and wrong:
Return, thou joyous light, so quickly vanished:
Revive, thou life that death has quenched so long.

Re-fix, re-knit the chain so harshly broken,
That bound this lower orb to yon bright heaven:
Hang out on high the ever-golden token
That tells of earth renewed and man forgiven.

Withdraw the veil that has for ages hidden
That upper kingdom from this nether sphere:
Renew the fellowship so long forbidden:
O God, thyself take up thy dwelling here!

THE HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE.

THE clouds now are breaking, 'tis dawn of the day
Which wakens in brightness and knows no decay—
That day which succeeds to the long night of gloom,
When jewels in Christ will arise from the tomb.

The thick clouds of darkness which error has cast
O'er nature's fair landscape will vanish at last,
And the Name, 'bove all names, shall shine as the sun
On Eden's fair bosom, when time's course is run.

What brightness and beauty on that land will shine,
The glory of Jesus, effulgence divine;
The light shall descend from the Father's great throne,
And the light of the sun and the moon be outshone.

Ye drowsy ones wake, and look toward the east,
The clouds now are breaking—soon comes marriage feast;
As you value your hope in Eternity's light,
Awake before sunrise and make your lamp bright.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"ROCK of Ages cleft for me—"
'T was a happy little flock,
Sang, yes sang melodiously,
And they rested on that "Rock."
For their Saviour dear was there,
Whispering, "My peace to thee,"
And gave answer to the prayer,
"Let me hide myself in thee."

And they feasted with the Lord
As they sang that sweet old hymn,
And they praised God for his Word
That had brought them unto Him.
Happy are ye, "little flock,"
Safely sail through life's rough sea;
Ever keep in view that "Rock,"
"Rock of Ages cleft for thee."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me—"
'T was a toiling pilgrim now
Sang that sweet old melody,
And the sweat stood on his brow.
Weary was he and oppress'd,
But he heard the still small voice
Whisper, "Come; I 'll give you rest,"
And his heart was made rejoice.

Next beside a dying bed,
There we see a weeping band;
"Speak, dear father,* speak," they said,

*The author's father.

And they held his withered hand;
And that father's feeble voice
Spake and made them all rejoice;
Came these words so faint but free,
"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

Christian, if your love be cold,
Look upon that Rock and see
Blood flow down. O love untold!
Christ thy Saviour died for thee.
Linger there around the spot
Till your heart be full and free;
Realize that you are bought
By that blood of Calvary.

Pilgrims all on Zion's way,
Trust that Saviour of the cross;
Learn to know Him day by day,
Counting all things else but dross.
Cast on Him your every care,
And be this your song, your prayer,
"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"A LITTLE WHILE."

A LITTLE while, our fighting shall be o'er;
A little while, our tears be wiped away;
A little while, the presence of Jehovah
Shall turn our darkness into heaven's bright day.

A little while, the fears that oft surround us
Shall to the memories of the past belong;
A little while, the love that sought and found us
Shall change our weeping into heaven's glad song.

A little while! His presence goes before us,
A fire by night, a shadowy cloud by day:
His banner, love inscribed, is floating o'er us,
His arm almighty is our strength and stay.

A little while to live and work for Jesus,
To gather with the reapers till He comes;
O let not faithless fears and doubtings seize us—
A little while, and then the harvest home!

A little while! 'Tis ever drawing nearer—
The wished for dawning of that glorious day.
Blest Father, make thy children's vision clearer,
And guide them ever in the shining way.

A little while! O blessed expectation!
A little while! "Lord, tarry not," we cry;
Our hearts exult in fond anticipation;
Rejoice! "The coming of the Lord is nigh!"

MY SAVIOUR.

HAIL! blessed Saviour, thou art henceforth mine—
Myself to thee I once for all resign;
The ties of earth my heart no longer bind,
I leave them all true love in thee to find.

By faith I saw the thorns which crowned thy brow,
This broke my once proud heart, 'tis contrite now;
Down low before thee and thy cross I fall,
And own thee as my precious Lord—MY ALL.

Thy love divine doth now to me unfold,
As I thy pierced hands and feet behold;
O lovely Lamb of God! and can it be
Such grief as thou didst bear was borne for me?

Surely I never can thy love forget,
Thy agonizing pain, thy bloody sweat;
The sorrows borne in sad Gethsemane;
Thy dying groans and pains on Calvary!

Help me then, blessed Lord, in grace to grow,
Into my heart let living waters flow;
Within me shed thy holy love abroad,
Thou meek and lowly One, thou Son of God.

And let me still that sweet old story tell
Of Calvary, which I now love so well;
And when thy glorious coming I shall see,
I would be pointing men to Calvary.

PUT ON THY BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

PUT on thy beautiful robes, Bride of Christ;
For the King shall embrace thee to-day;
Break forth into singing; the morning has dawned,
And the shadows of night flee away.

Thou art the Bride of his love, his elect;
Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past:
Lone were the hours when thy Lord was away,
But He comes with the morning at last.

The winds bear the noise of his chariot-wheels,
And the thunders of victory roar:
Lift up thy beautiful gates, Bride of Christ,
For the grave has dominion no more.

Once they arrayed Him with scorning; but see!
His apparel is glorious now:
In his hand are the keys of death and the grave,
And the diadem gleams on his brow.

Hark! 'tis her voice: Alleluia she sings:
Alleluia! the captives are free!
Unfolded the gates of Paradise stand,
And unfolded forever shall be.

Choir answers choir, where the song has no end;
All the saints raise hosannas on high;
Deep calls unto deep in the ocean of love
As the Bride lifts her jubilant cry.

BE NOT WEARY.

BE not weary, Zion's pilgrim,
Patiently the cross sustain;
Let each conflict make thee bolder,
Fight till thou the battle gain.

Be not weary, Zion's watchman,
Feed thy flock with heavenly food;
Strive to imitate thy Master,
Ever bent on doing good.

Think of them who need thy prayers,
Need thy kind and loving hand;
Rouse them from their griefs and tears,
Point them to the Eden land.

Noble work to thee is given,
Shrink not from thy duty here;
Wait for thy reward in Eden,
When thou shalt with joy appear.

Friends of Jesus, be not weary,
Whisper words of kindness still;
Seek out those whose lives are dreary,
And their hearts with gladness fill.

Be not weary in well doing,
Faint not ere thy task is done;
Still go on, in faith pursuing,
Till thy earthly race is run.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

A DEAR old man, some threescore years or more,
Sat with his book. Beside him on the floor
A little girl reclined, or rather sat,
Amusing grandpa with her pleasant chat.

With Kitty's parents it had been the rule
To take their child to church as well as school,
And on the Monday grandpa had to search
And read the text they had o'ernight at church.
To-day the text was found, and grandpa read,
"Upon the waters cast in faith thy bread,"
(But while he paused on Kitty seem'd to gaze,)
"And thou shalt find it after many days."
He merely said, "Work for a gracious Lord,
And thou hereafter shalt have his reward."
Together there the family knelt in prayer,
When soon commenced the daily toil and care.

Soon after this our Kitty had to go
Into the larder; and, while doing so,
Her mind was running on the text they read.
What could it mean?—"Cast thou in faith thy bread
Upon the waters," (here she moved some trays,)
"And thou shalt find it after many days."
While thinking thus her eyes were on the shelves,
And there she noticed, standing by themselves,
Two home-baked loaves, so pretty and so round,
The crumb so crimpled, and the crust so brown'd:
"Would ma be angry," said the little child,
"If I should borrow them?" She stopped and smiled.

"If I should borrow them, and wait and see
Would Jesus send them back in time for tea?"
Thus Kitty reasoned, and began to think,
"Those pretty loaves are almost sure to sink."
But presently her little wand'ring eyes
The paste-board saw, whereon ma made her pies.

Beyond the orchard were some bow'ring groves;
There Kitty wended with her board and loaves,
Until she reached the margin of a stream.
Her busy little head had plann'd the scheme;
She placed the board upon the flowing brook,
And very carefully one loaf she took
And balanced gently; then she took the next,
Her mind still thinking o'er her grandpa's text:
"And thou shalt see them back again," thought she;
"Perhaps they'll come again in time for tea."
With childish happiness her eyes did gleam,
She pushed the board, and gently down the stream
She saw her loaves go floating. "Mind and be,"
She whispered softly, "back in time for tea."
She watch'd and watch'd as down the stream they went,
She sat so quiet, yet seem'd so content,
Then clapp'd her hands and shouted with delight,
Until her board and loaves were out of sight.
She waited long and scann'd the streamlet's track,
And wonder'd when her loaves were coming back.

But tea-time came; her brother Frank had brought
His sister Kitty, whom he long had sought,
"And found her sitting by the stream," he said.
She had not told him of the floating bread—
The loaves were made for Frank and Kitty's tea,
And ma in vain had asked where they could be:
But Kitty told them how the loaves she took—

How they were floating gently down the brook.
They wonder'd much, but to each other smiled,
While thanking God they had a truthful child.

*
* *

Beside the stream, and not much farther down,
With three poor little ones, lived Widow Brown.
This Monday morning, Jem, a boy of nine,
Had gone with rod and hook, and bait and twine,
To fish for perch and roach. Long did he wait,
None seem'd inclined to try his tempting bait,
For neither roach nor perch nor shining dace,
Nor even minnows, would come near the place,
Or would not bite. Perhaps they saw the hook,
And so retreated farther down the brook.
Poor Jem grew rather tired, yet tried again,
But all his skill in whipping seem'd in vain.
Yet once again he tried, with heart elate,
And whips the stream with yet more tempting bait.
While watching thus he gave a sideward look;
What's that he sees come floating down the brook?
He drops his line, forgets both perch and roach,
To see the funny-looking raft approach;
Two little loaves upon a board he spies,
Wonder and pleasure beaming from his eyes.
He takes his rod and in a minute more
The board and loaves are safely brought to shore.
He hastens home, that they might break their fast—
'Twas Kitty's bread upon the waters cast.

Poor Widow Brown, whose faith was sorely tried,
Expected bread, but not upon the tide:
She asked the Lord, who's merciful and good,
To send her little hungry children food.
They sat them down to eat, and thank'd the Lord,

When Jem discovered, cut upon the board,
A well-known name, which Master Frank had done,
And shortly after Jem was seen to run
To Kitty's father with the empty board,
And Jem's sad tale was Kitty's sweet reward.
The bread came back again, her grandpa said,
Through thankful hearts, poor orphans wanting bread.

Whenever purchases were made in town,
Kitty remembered poor old Widow Brown.
In faith her bread was on the waters thrown,
And food for hungry souls was being sown.
Let all be done for Christ and for his praise
And we shall find it after many days.

TRUE AMBITION.

WHENCE is the throb that swells my rising breast?
What lofty hopes my beating heart inspire!
Why do I proudly spurn inglorious rest,
The pomp of wealth, the tumult of desire?

Is it to swell the brazen trump of fame,
To bind the laurel 'round an aching head,
To hear for once the people's loud acclaim,
Then lie forever with the nameless dead?

O no! Far nobler hopes my life control,
Presenting scenes of splendor yet to be:
Great God! thy word directs the lofty soul
To live for glory, not for man, but THEE.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

HER life was brief, but calm sweet rest
She sought and found on Jesus' breast—
The weary pilgrim's rest.
Although at times her path seemed drear,
Yet hope at length shone bright and clear—
The sure hope of the blest.

But soon did set her sun of life,
Forever ceased her toils and strife,
And calmly doth she sleep;
And tears and throbbing sighs now blend
'Mongst those who loved her to the end—
With mourning hearts they weep.

But mourn they not, as those who mourn
With dark forebodings, hope forlorn—
They "weep with those who weep;"
For 'midst their tears hope's cheering rays
Incline their hearts their Lord to praise,
E'en through emotions deep.

Among the throng that gather there
Are those who bent their knees in prayer
With her before the throne;
They drank together of the stream
Of living waters: heavenly beams
Upon their pathway shone.

And there are those whose light was dim,
That by her aid were led to Him
Who is the world's true light.

And now they tread the narrow way,
And long they for that brighter day
Where there shall be no night.

Four darling children — sadder still —
O who their mother's place will fill?
My Father, do thou bless,
Do thou look down from heaven above,
And take them in thy arms of love;
O Saviour, them caress.

Let sighs no longer bosoms swell,
Our Father doeth all things well:
Friends, pass beneath the rod;
And when the trump of God shall sound,
She who now sleeps shall then be found
Among the saints of God.

No sighs or sorrows in that day,
For God shall wipe all tears away;
Then one and all prepare,
That we may meet in that blest land
Our loved ones, clasping holy hands,
Eternal joys to share.

EMPTY HANDS.

AT dawn the call was heard,
And busy reapers stirred
Along the highway leading to the wheat.
"Wilt reap with us?" they said:
I smiled and shook my head.
"Disturb me not," I said. "My dreams are sweet."

I sat with folded hands,
And saw across the lands
The waiting harvest shining on the hill.
I heard the reapers sing
Their songs of harvesting,
And thought to go—but dreamed and waited still.

The day at last was done,
And homeward, one by one,
The reapers went, well laden as they passed:
Theirs was no misspent day,
No long hours dreamed away
In sloth, that turns to sting the soul at last.

A reaper lingered near:
"What!" cried he, "Idle here?
Where are the sheaves your hands have bound to-day?"
"Alas!" I made reply,
"I let the day pass by
Until too late. I dreamed the hours away."

"O foolish one!" he said,
And sadly shook his head:
"The dreaming soul is in the way of death.

The harvest soon is o'er—
Rouse up and dream no more!
Act, for the Summer fadeth like a breath.

What if the Master came
To-night, and called your name,
Asking how many sheaves your hands had made?
If at the Lord's commands
You showed but empty hands,
Condemned and quaking you would stand dismayed."

TRUST HIM.

TRUST his wisdom thee to guide,
Trust his goodness to provide;
Trust his saving love and power,
Trust Him every day and hour;
Trust Him as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy, trust in grief,
Trust his promise for relief;
Trust his blood to cleanse thy soul,
Trust his grace to make thee whole;
Trust Him living, dying too,
Trust Him all the journey through;
Trust Him till thy feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

WE SHALL KNOW.

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray:
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way;
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone—
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem our love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone:

We should see them near and truly,
  We should trust them day by day,
Neither blame nor love untruly,
  If the mists were cleared away.
    We shall know as we are known,
    Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
  When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
  As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those who love us,
  We shall know as we are known.
Love beyond the orient meadows
  Floats the golden fringe of day:
Heart to heart we hide the shadows
  Till the mists have cleared away.
    We shall know as we are known,
    Never more to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning,
  And the mists have cleared away.

TRUST.

THEY asked me why my heart so turned
In clinging trust to thine,
And why all grosser joys I spurned,
And sought that altar shrine where burned
The living light divine.
I could not tell them ought beside,
"My Saviour for my sin had died."

"My sin"—I did not know its phase,
Nor understand its wrong—
I knew no path in "Wisdom's ways,"
No darkness of repenting days,
For then my life was young:
And yet I wept to think that He,
The tender-hearted, died for me.

And this has led me all along,
And conquered every fear;
It kindled up my boyhood song,
It made me in my weakness strong,
And wiped the falling tear.
And when I loved my kind, I knew
It was because He loved them too.

Still I can face the darkest hour,
And meet the deadliest foe,
Hedged in by Love's all-sheltering power,
Lamp-guided through the storms that lower,
Unharmed where'er I go.
Why should I doubt or pine or weep?
Upon his heart I'll lean and sleep.

I would not give this trust of mine
For any earthly bliss;
All else in life I could resign—
Nor doubt, nor murmur, nor repine—
All else in life but this.
I trust Him wheresoe'er I go,
And this is why I've loved Him so.

Let others tell of human wrong,
Of vengeance dark and deep—
My life hath learned but one sweet song—
Heart-cherished, for I've known it long—
A song to make me weep:
I know—and little else beside—
My Saviour for my sins hath died.

UNHEEDED PSALMS.

GOD hath his solitudes, unpeopled yet,
Save by the peaceful life of bird and flower,
Where, since the world's foundation, He hath set
The hiding of his power.

Year after year his rains make fresh and green
Lone wastes of prairies, where, as daylight goes,
Legions of bright-hued blossoms all unseen
Their carven petals close.

Year after year unnumbered forest leaves
Expand and darken to their perfect prime:
Each smallest growth its destiny achieves
In his appointed time.

Amid the strong recesses of the hills,
Fixed by his word, immutable and calm,
The murmuring river all the silence fills
With its unheeded psalm.

From deep to deep the floods lift up their voice
Because his hand hath measured them of old:
The far out-goings of the morn rejoice
His wonders to unfold.

The smallest cloudlet, wrecked in distant storms,
That wanders homeless through the summer skies,
Is reckoned in his purposes, and forms
One of his argosies.

Where the perpetual mountains patient wait,
Girded with purity, before his throne,
Keeping from age to age inviolate
Their everlasting crown:

Where the long-gathering waves of ocean break
With ceaseless music o'er untrodden strands,
From isles that day by day in silence wake
From earth's remotest strands,

The anthem of his praise shall uttered be:
All works created on his name shall call,
And laud and bless his holy name, for He
Hath pleasure in them all.

TRUE COMMERCE.

BUY the truth and sell it not,
Buy the garment without spot;
Buy the oil that feeds the lamp,
Buy the gold of heavenly stamp;
Buy the pearl of matchless worth,
Buy the treasure hid in earth;
Buy the anointing full of light,
Buy the robe of purest white;
Without price and without money,
Buy the food more sweet than honey;
Buy the milk and buy the wine,
Trade in commerce that's divine.
Fear no risk, no doubt, no loss,
Nothing here thy hopes will cross;
Though thy vessel should be tossed
On many a rough and desert coast,
Though the whirlwind's dreadful gale
Make thy heart and spirit quail;
He that once the tempest stay'd
Whispers through the darkest shade,
IT IS I — BE NOT AFRAID!

REUNION.

O FOR the songs of gladness,
Sweet sounding through the air;
O for the no more sadness
Of all the ransomed there.

O for the long, long meeting
Of Jesus with his own;
O for the loved, loved greeting
Of pilgrims in their home.

O for the sweet reunion
Of friend restored to friend;
That loved and long communion
That never more can end.

O for that life immortal,
For bodies like his own;
O for within that portal
Which leads me to his throne.

O for the no more dying,
The no more oft distress'd;
The sweetness there of lying
Forever on his breast.

O for the joy of being
"Forever with the Lord;"
The long, long joy of seeing
How perfect was his word.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
Thou favor'd home of God on earth, thou heaven below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

O hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine own anointed King,
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free!

"And who art thou that mournest me?" replied the ruin grey,
"And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a castaway?
I am a dried and abject branch — my place is given to thee;
But woe to ev'ry barren graft of thy wild olive tree!

Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, stranger, warned be —
Who spared not his chosen seed may send his wrath on thee!

Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime;
O turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this accepted time!
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the New Jerusalem thy home forever be!"

ETERNITY.

WATCH, brethren, watch; the year is dying:
Watch, brethren, watch; old Time is flying:
Watch, as men watch the parting breath;
Watch, as men watch for life or death.
Eternity is drawing nigh—
Eternity, eternity!

Pray, brethren, pray; the sands are falling:
Pray, brethren, pray; God's voice is calling:
Yon turret strikes her dying chime;
We kneel upon the edge of time.
Eternity is drawing nigh—
Eternity, eternity!

Praise, brethren, praise; the skies soon rending:
Praise, brethren, praise; the fight is ending:
Behold the glory draweth near;
The King himself will soon appear.
Eternity is drawing nigh—
Eternity, eternity!

Look, brethren, look; the day is breaking:
Hark, brethren, hark; the dead are waking:
With girded loins we'll ready stand;
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand.
Eternity is drawing nigh—
Eternity, eternity!

"I DO NOT KNOW THE MAN."

DOST thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot
The poor lone man by yonder distant sea?
I call'd, and thou didst choose my mournful lot:
Yes, thou didst leave thy all to follow me.

Dost thou not know me? Yet this smitten face
Should not be strange to those dim, dazzled eyes,
Which late beheld on Tabor's secret place
The sun, now setting, in such glory rise.

Dost thou not know me? Ah, what form had he,
Who, when thy life was sinking in the abyss,
So quickly stretch'd his hand to rescue thee?
Look! mine is bound; but was that hand like this?

And can the sheep its bleeding shepherd smite?
Say; of whose broken body didst thou eat?
Dost thou not know me yet? Who but this night
Knelt down, O my beloved, to wash thy feet?

In dark Gethsemane the weight of woe
Press'd drops of blood from this thorn-tortured brow:
But ah! they lead me to the cross:—I go:—
Thou weepest:—tell me, dost thou know me now?

TAKE UP THY CROSS.

LONG had I prayed, long had I wept,
No comfort o'er my spirit crept,
Till meek and penitent with grief,
I looked to Jesus for relief:
"What shall I do?" in anguish cried;
A tender loving voice replied:
"If thou wilt my disciple be,
Take up thy cross and follow me."

Blest Saviour, since that happy hour,
Oft have I felt the tempter's power
To lure me from the heavenly road,
So narrow and so little trod;
For worldly wisdom turns away
To tread the broad and flowery way:
But ah! I knew this flowery path
Led down to everlasting death!

The rugged thorny path I viewed,
And oft irresolute I stood;
The worldly throng seemed glad and gay,
And Pleasure beckoned me to stay:
"Come taste this cup of joy," said she,
"These fairy flowers I'll twine for thee;
Why should'st thou spend youth's Spring-time gay
In toiling up that rugged way?"

How oft I yielded to the spell
My aching heart recalls too well:
The withered flowers I might forget,
But ah! the thorns, I feel them yet!

The cup that I so madly sought
I found with sad repentance fraught;
And I reviewed the misspent years
With bitter self-upbraiding tears.

Then half despairing, half in hope,
Saviour, I dared to thee look up,
And in my darkness and despair,
I saw a gleam of pity there.
In accents gentle, but severe,
Again these words fell on my ear:
"If thou wilt my disciple be,
Take up thy cross and follow me."

Dear Saviour, up the rugged way
I strive to toil from day to day;
A light upon the path has shone,
Strengthened and cheered, I'm pressing on;
My heart is fixed the end to see,
Where fadeless joys are waiting me:
What care I for the worldling's frown?
Brighter will shine the immortal crown.

Press on! press on! ye worn and faint!
Rest soon will soothe the weary saint;
There's one sweet hope our hearts to cheer,
Redemption's day is drawing near.
A voice rings on the startled air
In thunder tones, "Prepare! prepare!
Ye soon shall my salvation see,
Who faithfully have followed me."

COUNT THE COST.

GO feel what I have felt;
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn:
Then suffer on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay:
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers but scorned, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loving father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;

Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the accursed cup;
And led her down, through love and light,
And all that made her prospects bright;
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife—
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, the drunkard's child.

Go feel, and see, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavors you will try
When all proclaim, "'Tis drink and die!"

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringin' an' my Faither's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
The glorious King frae heaven an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked with flowers, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for our Faither made them sae;
Bût thae sichts an' thae soun's will as naething be to me
When I hear the sang o' Moses in my ain countrie.

I 've his gude word o' promise that some gladsome day the King
To the glorified Mount Zion his scattered bairns he'll bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' ower wi' love we 'll see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain countrie.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll nae mair vex me, nor be remembered mair;
For his bluid hath made me clean, an' his han' shall dry my ee,
When he brings me hame at last tae my ain countrie.

Like a bairn wi' its mither, a wee birdie in its nest,
I wad fain aye be restin' upon my Saviour's breast;
An' he'll gather a' his jewels, e'en witless lambs like me,
When He comes to tak' us hame to our ain countrie.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, He said he'd come again;
He'll keep his tryst with me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

Sae I'm watching aye an' singing o' my hame as I wait,
For I ken the Bridegroom's comin' an' the evening's getting late;
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang thegither to that blest countrie.

MY ANXIETY.

HOW long will the dawning continue?
When will all the darkness depart!
Too often hope's pinions are drooping,
Too often we're heavy at heart.

We list for the sound of the Bridegroom,
We weary to hear his kind voice.
The Church, his fair bride, is now waiting
To dry up her tears and rejoice.

O will all our dear ones be ready
To answer that glorious call?
A mother forgets not her children,
In prayer she remembers them all.

O thou who canst save to the utmost,
In pity look down, we entreat.
Arouse, and convince, and convert them,
And bring them low down at thy feet.

Then though all the clouds gather blackness
And evil may seem to prevail,
Once lodged in the Ark there is safety,
Then shall we outweather the gale.

STILLNESS.

THY lesson art thou learning, O tried and weary soul?
His way art thou discerning, who works to make thee whole?
In the haven of submission art thou satisfied and still?
Art thou clinging to the Father 'neath the shadow of his will?
Now while his arms enfold thee think well, He knoweth best;
Be still, and He shall mould thee for his heritage of rest.

From vintages of sorrow are deepest joys distilled,
And the cup outstretched for healing is oft at Marah filled.
God leads to joy through weeping, to quietness through strife,
Through yielding into conquest, through death to endless life.
Be still; He hath enrolled thee for the kingdom and the crown;
Be silent; let Him mould thee who calleth thee his own.

Such silence is communion, such stillness is a shrine;
The fellowship of suffering, an ordinance divine;
And the secrets of abiding most fully are declared
To those who with the Master Gethsemane have shared.
Then trust Him to uphold thee 'mid the shadows and the gloom;
Be still, and He shall mould thee for his presence and for home.

For resurrection stillness there is resurrection power;
The prayer and praise of trusting may glorify each hour;
And common days are holy, and years an Eastertide,
For those who with the risen One in risen life abide.
Then let his love enfold thee; keep silent at his word;
Be still, and He will mould thee; O, rest thee in the Lord!

THE OLD STORY.

TELL me about the Master—
I'm weary and worn to-night;
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light.
Light with a radiant glory,
That lingers about the west;
But my heart is aweary, aweary,
And longs like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master—
Of the wrongs that He freely forgave:
Of his mercy and tender compassion,
Of his love that is mighty to save.
For my heart is aweary, aweary,
Of the woes and temptations of life;
Of the error that stalks in the noon-day,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow,
Of pain or temptation befall,
Our blessed Redeemer hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the old, old story,
That falls on the ear like a balm;
And the heart that was bruised and broken,
Grows patient and strong and calm.

"I'SE SMALL."

WEARILY from stair to stair
Slowly climb the little feet;
Dress awry and tangled hair,
Pouting lips as berries sweet.

"I'se so tired, don't 'ou see?
Dess I never 'll det up stairs.
Dranpa, won't 'ou tarry me,
So as I tan say my prayers?"

Light the burden that I bore,
Nestling softly on my breast;
Arms that hugged me o'er and o'er,
Tiny form at perfect rest.

And the midget softly said,
"Ain't 'ou glad I'se small? 'Ou see,
When I have to go to bed,
'Ou tan always tarry me."

Glad I clasped the maiden close,
Warm the beating of my heart;
Love, which every parent knows,
Made the happy tear-drops start.

Ah! I thought my weary feet,
Toiling painfully life's stair,
Often find it passing sweet
When I meet my Father there.

Weak and sinful, poor and blind,
Glad I seek his sheltering arm;
Joyful welcome there I find,
Calm security from harm.

Whispering prattle faint and low,
In his ever open ear,
Words whose meaning I scarce know;
Yet He loves to pause and hear.

Does there ever o'er Him fall
That glad thrill of holy glee —
Gladness that I am so small
He can safely carry me?

LEANING ON THEE.

LEANING on thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour; I am blest;
Though weary, thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on thee, with child-like faith,
To thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
Tho' faint with languor, parched with heat;
Thy will has now become my own —
That will is sweet.

THE VALLEY OF REST.

TO–DAY I have been to the Valley of Rest,
Where my loved and once loving ones sleep:
I went there alone—an unbidden guest—
O'er the graves of my treasures to weep.
No person I saw, I heard not a sound,
Save the low solemn rustling of trees
As they thoughtlessly waved o'er many a mound
In the soft gentle Summer-time breeze.

There are avenues wide in the Valley of Rest,
Bestrewn with the rarest of flowers—
In answer to many a dying request—
And there, too, are beautiful bowers.
The inhabitants walk not those flower-bedecked ways,
They are motionless, silent and still;
Each one has a home of his own where he stays,
And they tread not the valley at will.

The apartments are small in the Valley of Rest—
They are narrow and short, but deep;
They are large enough though for the heart that, distress'd,
Wants room enough only to sleep.
Here the earth-wearied one finds a rest that is sweet,
Undisturbed by the dwellers there:
In their silence profound, in their dark retreat,
They are free from all sorrow and care.

My mother sleeps in the Valley of Rest,
And my father is sleeping there, too:
O, how fondly they loved me ere over their breast
The green sward and flow'rets grew.

They see not the form, they hear not the voice
Of their wandering, sorrowing boy;
But with them hereafter I hope to rejoice
When grief shall be turned into joy.

The time will soon come when the Valley of Rest
Must yield up its treasures and trust,
And, ready to enter the home of the blest,
Shall spring forth the forms of the just.
And then, in that city which hands hath not made,
In all ages to come they shall dwell,
Ne'er again in the cold narrow tomb to be laid,
Ne'er again to breathe out a farewell.

REPINE NOT.

MANY a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us,
Never pours on us its rain;
Many a grief we see before us
Never comes to cause us pain;
Oft times in the feared to-morrow
Sunshine comes, the cloud has flown;
Ask not, then, in foolish sorrow,
Who shall roll away the stone?

WAITING AND WATCHING.

WAITING and watching the livelong day,
Lifting the voice of her heart to pray,
She stands in her sorrow the bride and queen,
Counting the hours that lie between.

Counting the hours till He shall come,
The Star of her soul, the Star and Sun,
With a holy and steadfast gaze of faith,
Lifted above all change and death.

Lone as a dove on a storm-swept sea,
Teaching her heart hope's minstrelsy:
With a wailing note and a weary wing,
She learns o'er sorrow to soar and sing.

Abroad through the earth is a sound of war,
Distress among nations, wide and far;
And the failing of strong men's hearts for fear
Of the dreadful things that are drawing near.

But she stands in her safety the bride and queen,
Leaning as only the loved can lean
On the heart that broke in its love for her,
When bearing the burden she could not bear.

Famine and pestilence stalk abroad;
Scoffers are slighting the Word of God,
And the love of many is waxing cold:
Dimmed is the sheen of the once fine gold.

But she stands in her beauty the bride and queen,
Counting the hours that lie between,
Counting the hours till He shall come,
The Star of her soul—the Star and Sun.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

LOVELY in life, now sweet in death,
Our little Emma lies;
But soon the mighty trump shall sound,
And sleeping saints arise:
Then shall our little darling be
With Jesus for eternity.

And we by God's help shall so live
The Eden land to gain:
There we shall meet our little one,
And never part again.
O praise the Lord! How sweet 't will be—
United for eternity.

The lovely flower-clad fields we 'll roam
Together hand in hand,
And be forever with our Lord
In Canaan's sun-bright land:
No sickness, sorrow, sighs nor care,
Forevermore shall enter there.

Nor evermore shall death be known,
Nor funeral cortege seen;
All fair and bright, the saints shall be
Clothed in immortal sheen.
O hasten, Lord, the happy time
When we shall meet in that blest clime.

THE SANDS OF TIME.

I.

EVER, ever, dropping, dropping,
Never, never, stopping, stopping!
Thus the sands of time do run,
Like to yonder rising sun—
Rising but to set again—
Leaving darkness in his train.
But e'en darkness has its cheer,
For the twinkling stars appear,
And the moon with mellow ray
Lights the pilgrim on his way.

II.

Hark! December winds are sighing—
Swift the moments past are flying,
Soon will end another year,
And eternity draws near;
And the pilgrim's sands of time
Fall behind him, line on line.
But hope's star cheers up the gloom,
Midnight seems as bright as noon;
For God's word, with heavenly ray,
Lights his path and tells of day.

III.

List again! A voice is calling:
"Shades of ending time are falling—
Weary pilgrim, do not fear,
Soon Messiah will appear."

Then the sands will run for aye,
Then will be eternal day;
Then will pilgrim's conflict cease,
Then we'll rest in perfect peace;
Gained at last the Eden shore,
With the dear Lord evermore.

GETHSEMANE.

THE night is dark. Behold! the shade was deeper
In the still garden of Gethsemane,
When the calm voice awoke the weary sleeper:
"Could'st thou not watch an hour alone with me?"

O thou, so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials—
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always sufferest tribulation?
What if thy Christian warfare never cease?
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

Here are we all to suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone.
Watch thou, this hour, in truthful patience only—
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

And He will come in his own time from heaven,
To set his earnest-hearted children free.
Watch only through this dark and painful even,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

HOME.

A CHEERLESS solitude this world would be,
Like dreary wilderness or trackless sea,
If mankind were compelled to toil or roam
Without that one endearing spot, called home.
A palace though it be, or humble cot,
Home hath its charms. It matters not
Cultured or uncultured the dwellers there,
Or whether clothed in rags or garments rare,
This one broad truth unanimous we own,
Midst all distinctions yet that spot is home.
The sailor tossing on the mighty deep,
When thinking of his home doth often weep,
And bitter sighings oft his bosom swell;
The feelings pent within words cannot tell:
The surging of the billows, rolling high,
Seem but to echo hoarsely every sigh.
The valiant soldier on the battle field,
Who sooner would give up his life than yield,
Who has a heart as tender as 'tis brave,
Who only fights that he his home may save,
When of that home perchance a comrade speaks
The burning tears roll swiftly down his cheeks,
As loved ones called to mind, sigh follows sigh,
For these and home he willing is to die.
The weary traveler in foreign clime,
Afar from home, recalls the happy time,
E'en childhood days. Who can his feelings tell?
As all the sweets of home, once known so well,
Are brought in greater sweetness still to mind.
Pre-eminent arise those parents kind,
Who nurtured him and watched him day by day

With tender care lest he should go astray.
Ah, who can e'er repay a parent's care?
We get for all we give a double share.
A doubly precious boon is filial love—
A principle begotten from above
In human hearts. A tender mother's prayers,
And father's counsel keep our feet from snares,
As we along the meandering path of life
Our way pursue, midst care, and toil, and strife.
Fond memory of the past! like gilded thought
It cheers the gloom, with comforts it is fraught;
Sweet reminiscences, still let them come
While we with heart and voice sing, "Home, sweet home."

But life is not all bright, it hath its clouds,
Its gay attire, as well its sombre shrouds;
Its many ups and downs, its storms and calms;
Here, weeping willows are; there, waving palms:
So shall it be while mortal we remain,
For joys of life are mixed with grief and pain.
The clouds must needs arise and shade the sky,
And hide from view the sun's glad brilliancy,
Else parched the earth would be without the rain
Which makes the withered blade revive again.
And thus we find it in affliction's hour,
The rain of heaven descends in gentle shower
And comfort gives, and knitteth heart to heart;
For in our troubles God doth grace impart;
'Tis his wise way of working with his own,
To bind their hearts together and to home:
And when a household walketh in his ways,
He filleth every heart with peace and praise.
'Tis safe support to lean upon the Lord—
The only rule of faith his blessed Word;
And happy is the home when Christ is there,

Sweet incense riseth upward in their prayer,
Or as in songs of Zion voices blend,
A sacrifice of praise to heaven ascends
While thus they worship God with grateful hearts,
He sends the blessing down, and joy imparts.
Sweet, happy, lovely, we our homes may call,
But BLEST the home where God is all in all.
And such is but an earnest of that home
Which saints shall have when Christ the Lord shall come.
O, bright the prospect which by faith we see—
A blessed, perfect, home eternally!
With finite mind we faintly comprehend
That land where joys shall never have an end;
The weary there shall have eternal rest,
The faithful and the tried forever blest;
Sin, sorrow, sighs and death shall be no more—
All peace and gladness on that golden shore.
The hills, so beautiful, our eyes shall see,
And valleys fair, foretold in prophesy.
On Judah's mountain heights we then can stand
And view the landscape o'er—the Holy Land.
No stain of curse or sin remaineth there;
Sublimely rests God's glory everywhere.
The peaceful waters, and the balmly bowers—
The tender pastures green—the fragrant flowers—
The vine-clad slopes—the habitations blest—
The lovely gardens of the saint's sweet REST—
All transcendently meet the wondering view—
Behold all things created are anew.
The Father reigns above; no clouds between
To mar the vision; all is heav'nly sheen.
Beneath, Messiah reigns on Zion's height;
Of Paradise restored He is the Light.
O blessed hope that tells us we may own
A lot in this fair land—a hallowed home,

Our loved ones there we'll meet in ecstasy—
United evermore, from death set free—
No more in sin's dark wilderness to roam—
Forever ours a bright, unfading HOME.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church to-morrow, you know:
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed:
Putting them into clean garments and white—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes:
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep:
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blankets 'round each little form:
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
God guide and keep them from going astray.
Lead them, kind Father, to that land of light,
Where we shall no more have darkness of night.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

THERE is many a rest on the road of life,
If we would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful heart ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eye still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There's many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our early pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Then let us weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing.

THE MIXED CUP.

IN wise proportion doth a fond hand mingle
The sweet and bitter in our life-cups here;
Each drop of either is, by love eternal,
Poured forth in wisdom for his children dear.

The loving Father, as a wise Physician,
Knows what the wants of all those children are,
Knows which is needed most, the joy or sorrow,
The peace of comfort, or affliction's war.

Then should the bitter be our daily portion,
So that we cannot e'en the sweet discern,
Let us in childlike grace receive with meekness
The needed tonic, and its lesson learn.

And if we cannot even that decipher,
Let us be still—nay, thank Him for his care,
Contented still that we shall know hereafter,
When we the fulness of his presence share.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

I DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own;
From lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

As blossoms smitten by the rain
  Their sweetest odors yield—
As where the plowshare deepest strikes,
  Rich harvests crown the field;
So to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
  A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
  The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourned hath never known
  What treasures grief reveals—
The sympathies that humanize—
  The tenderness that heals—
The power to look within the vail
  And learn the heavenly lore—
The key-word to life's mysteries,
  So dark to us before.

How rich and sweet and full of strength
  Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
  Of suffering and of prayer!
Supernal wisdom, love divine,
  Breathed through the lips which said,
"O, blessed are the souls that mourn—
  They shall be comforted!"

THE BIBLE.

POISED between earth and heaven, its loftier edge
Is swept by angels' wings;
And yet, so low it swings,
A little child may touch its secret springs.

All the glad songs of earth, or sea, or sky
Wake not the joyful strain,
Or give such sweet refrain,
To soothe an aching heart, or bed of pain.

The poet sweeps afar on fancy's wing;
But here our thoughts may rise
Beyond ethereal skies,
Still on and on, when nature faints and dies.

Towering where earthly wisdom cannot reach,
And yet so simply clear,
Sublimest truths appear,
The wayfarer with confidence draws near.

There may be gathered with a skilful hand,
The fairest things of earth;
But O, their frailer birth
Stamps them forever with a meaner worth.

Nations and kings may utter their behests;
This voice, though small and still,
Softer than murmuring rill,
Can sway with readier might the human will.

Love born of earth may shroud itself in tears;
But this love never drew
A veil of sombre hue,
But what some promise sweet might struggle through.

Afar its healing flows, yet, O how near!
How wide, yet deep within,
Covering all space of sin,
Along the track where human step hath been.

From darkest border up to heaven's bright verge,
From desolate shore of gloom
To hope's perennial bloom,
It floods with light the cradle and the tomb.

THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
Need we to prove that God is here:
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the dayspring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mold its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knees that have so much to bear—
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight,
You do not prize the blessing overmuch—
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow on your tired knee—
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly,
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At their dear children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,

Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in this world could say
She was more blissfully content than I!
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head!
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is DEAD.

THE CARE OF GOD.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph thrones;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That arm upholds the worlds on high;
That love is throned beyond the sky.

THE WORLD TO COME.

IF all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travelers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
O, what would check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O, who would venture then to die?
O, who could then endure to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such was life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'Tis THIS that makes our darkness day;
'Tis THIS that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

THE WAY OF THE WILDERNESS.

WHEN smitten by the plagues of God the pride of
Pharaoh broke,
And Jacob's seed, their bondage o'er, went forth free from
the yoke,
Out through the waste, with wife and child, those men of
Israel press,
God knowing all their journeying through that great wilder-
ness.

The sea, that lies across their course, like thread of tow is
riven;
They thirst, the streams burst forth from rocks—they feed
on bread from heaven:
And Amalek and Amorite his sovereign power confess,
Who drives, like drifting sand, their hosts along the wilder-
ness.

Child of the living God, to-day, freed from Egyptian chains,
But toiling yet through rugged ways, barren and burning
plains,
Write thee on banner and on heart this balm for thy distress:
He knoweth all thy journeying through this great wilderness.

No blast from out the ruthless north, nor red Sahara's breath,
Nor pestilence that creepeth forth from Asia's dews of death,
Nor hunger, thirst, nor arm of man too hard or long can
press;
He knoweth all thy journeying through this great wilderness.

Ye fathers, bowed beneath the toil crowding each weary day,
O, sad-faced mother, girt with cares that drain thy life away,
O, mourning, broken, bleeding one, whate'er thy grief or
stress,
He knoweth all thy journeying through this great wilderness.

Whatever cross, whatever thorn, is placed beneath thy roof,
Be thankful still for chastening, grateful for his reproof.
Until his hand shall bring relief seek thee no sorrow less;
He knoweth all thy journeying through this great wilderness.

And when the lesson hath been learned, consumed the lurking dross,
And changed to fellowship with Him the suffering and the "loss,"
Then shalt thou see, because his feet a path of tears did press,
He knew so well thy wanderings through this great wilderness.

O, weeping ones in desert lands, widowed and homeless now,
What shall ye have when He shall come with laurels on his brow?
What shall ye be in that glad day when Sharon's rose shall bless,
And Zion's throned peaks, like suns, light up the wilderness!

LIFE.

LIFE glides away in many a bend,
In chapters which begin and end;
Each has its trial, each its grace,
Each in life's whole its proper place;
Each has its joinings and its breaks,
But each transition swiftly takes
Us nearer to or further from
The threshold of our heavenly home.

GOOD ADVICE.

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow —
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend — till he is dead?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eye,
Share them. And, by sharing,
Own your kinship to the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go —
Leave them. Trust the harvest giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

FOR pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe—
'T is the law of our being—we reap what we sow.
We may try to avoid them—may do what we will—
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, most sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure.
We may boast of our claim to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he 's worth.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember, this great truth has often been proved:
We must make ourselves loveable, would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread which we cast on the waters comes back.
This law was enacted by Heaven above,
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old:
Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above!

We reap what we sow. O wonderful truth!
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth.
But it shines out at last, "as the hand on the wall,"
For the world has its "debit" and "credit" for all.

PEACE.

THERE fell upon my soul a shadow dreary—
'Twas the heart's evening following its day—
With its long thought my toiling heart was weary,
And scarce could frame the prayer my lips would say.

In the soul's oratorio, kneeling lowly,
Thus with the Giver of my life I plead:
"O! let the seraph, Peace, high-browed and holy,
Bind her white flowers about my aching head."

All my sad soul dissolved in that petition;
Then to my prayer a still, small voice replied:
"Peace, of love's labor is the glad fruition;
The heritage that waits the furnace tried."

Then answer made I none; my heart was shaken;
As the spent dove held by the hungry hawk,
So was my soul by gray-winged dread o'ertaken,
And felt strange fears its bitter anguish mock.

Then said I to myself: "Where is thy labor?
And where the cure thy healing touch hath wrought?
Hast thou sought out thy sorrowing friend or neighbor,
And fed him with the bread of holy thought?

Hast thou not loved thyself, O mournful spirit,
More than all things upon the earth that be?
Thou hast. Then thine own bitter thoughts inherit;
For the white flowers of Peace are not for thee—

Never for thee until thou hast forgotten
Thy selfish sorrows in another's woe!
Then shall sweet Peace, of love and truth begotten,
Around thy brow a snowy chaplet throw."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

THY will be done! Not lightly be it spoken,
To fall like tinkling cymbals on the air;
Beyond all other words are these the token
Of resignation conquered from despair.

Not all who say, "Lord! Lord!" can tell what measure
Of heavy cost it takes their depth to learn;
What loss of ease, what sacrifice of treasure,
What exile out of which is no return.

He who has proved this saying bears the traces
Of furnace-fires that spare the gold alone;
His conversation is in heavenly places;
His life is lived as God's, and not his own!

His soul in restful patience he possesses,
Nor sighs for hopes that vanish unfulfilled,
As one who meets with loss, yet still caresses
Regretful dreams with spirit half self-willed.

No more in things of time his heart is centered,
For he has seen their preciousness decrease;
Has weighed the world, and proved it void, and entered
The upper chamber of abiding peace.

Thy will be done! O, utterance magnetic!
That thrills anew the soul's diviner chords
With deep compassion for that woe prophetic,
Which filled the anguished chalice of our Lord.

Behold in that sublime self-abnegation,
What lowly path the Man of sorrows trod,

And know that out of thy most humble station
Shall grow the grace to stand before thy God.

Then not with lips irreverent be spoken
The hallowed words of God's all-suffering Son;
But say, with contrite heart and spirit broken,
Through loss, through sorrow, "Lord, thy will be done!"

WALKING BY FAITH.

WE cannot see, when in the hush of some deep sorrow,
How shadows of the night,
With the glad coming of a happier morrow,
Grow radiant into light.

We do not know how unseen hands are guiding
In dangerous paths our feet,
Nor how the shadow of the rock is hiding
Us from the noontide heat.

We do not know of snares and pitfalls lying
Where our short sight would lead,
Nor that the bread is all unsatisfying
On which our souls would feed.

But up alone, where threads of life are woven,
Wisdom directs our lot;
And God's own hand will guide us to the haven,
By ways which we know not.

INCENTIVES TO PRAISE.

WHY do I praise Him? Go ask yon flower,
So fresh and lovely in bloom,
Why it breathes on the air, from my gay little bower,
Its fragrant and luscious perfume.

Why do I praise Him? Go ask yon stream
Why it murmurs its grateful song
As its bosom reflects the sun's fair beam,
And it joyfully ripples along.

Why do I praise Him? Go ask yon choir
Why they warble their soul-thrilling lays
From the thicket, the brake, and the moss-covered spire,
Through the long and serene summer days.

Each flower with fragrance and brightness of hue—
Each stream with its murmuring sound—
Each bird with its song—tell their gratitude due
To the Source whence all blessings abound.

And shall flowers, and streamlets, and birds of the air,
Be full of God's glory and praise,
Whilst I, who his love more abundantly share,
Not a strain of thanksgiving can raise?

O, no! 'tis He guides,—He lightens my way;
He aids me in every strife;
And therefore I praise Him by night and by day,
And will till the close of my life.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

THE eyes of thousands shone on him, as 'mid the cirque
he stood,
Unheeding all the shouts that rose from that vast multitude;
The prison damps had blanched his cheeks, and on his
thoughtful face
Corroding care had left its signs in many a lasting trace.
Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to heaven
his eye,
For well that feeble old man knew they brought him there
to die;
Yet joy was beaming in his face while from his lips a prayer
Arose to heaven, and faith secured his surety dwelling there.
Then calmly on his foes he glanced, and as he gazed the tear
That stole adown his pale, wan face spoke pity more than
fear.
He knelt down on the gory sand, once more he looked to
heaven,
And to the Ever Friend he pray'd that they might be for-
given.
Now rises far a fearful shout, 'mid which the lion's roar
Is heard, like thunder in the storm upon the rocky shore,
And forth the Lybian savage breaks and on his victim springs,
While all around from men more fierce the voice of triumph
rings.
Short time is left for fear or hope; the instinctive love of
life
One struggle wakes, but vainly made in such unequal strife;
The lion's feet, the lion's lips are dyed with crimson gore—
A look of faith—an unbreathed prayer—the martyr's pangs
are o'er.

Proud princes and grave senators gazed on that fearful sight,
And even women seemed to share the savage crowd's delight.
But what the guilt that on the dead a fate so fearful drew?
A blameless faith was all the crime the Christian martyr knew;
And where the crimson current flowed, upon that barren sand,
Up sprung a tree whose vigorous boughs soon overspread the land;
O'er distant isles its shadows fell, nor knew its roots decay,
Even when the Roman Cæsar's throne and empire passed away.

WATCH AND PRAY.

SO hath Christ left us, with the sacred charge,
"Watch, watch, and pray!"
In life's great garden we can roam at large,
But still we may
Not lie at ease, but work while it is day.

Yes! we must watch, and while we watch must pray,
Lest we, too, fall;
Temptations hover strangely o'er our way;
God knows them all,
And saves from danger those that on Him call.

When Christ shall come in all his glorious power,
Let Him not say:
"What! could ye not watch with me one short hour?"
Perchance this day
May witness that return! Then "watch and pray!"

A WORD OF KINDNESS.

HOW softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls!
O, if they knew who walked the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'T were Paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live.
O! what is life if love be lost,
If man 's unkind to man?
Or what the REST that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars beyond the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source Divine.
O! then, be kind, whoe'er thou art
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

DROPPING A SEED.

THE land was still; the skies were grey with weeping;
Into the soft brown earth the seed she cast,
O! soon, she cried, will come the time of reaping,
The golden time when clouds and tears are past:
There came a whisper through the Autumn haze,
"Yea, thou shalt find it after many days."

Hour after hour she marks the fitful gleaming
Of sunlight stealing through the cloudy rift;
Hour after hour she lingers, idly dreaming,
To see the rain fall and the dead leaves drift:
O! for some small green sign of life, she prays;
Have I not watched and waited "many days?"

At early morning, chilled and sad, she harkens
To stormy winds that through the poplars blow;
Far over hill and plains the heaven darkens,
Her field is covered with a shroud of snow.
Ah, Lord, she sighs, are these thy loving ways?
He answers: "Spake I not of many days?"

The snowdrop blooms, the purple violet glistens
On banks of moss that takes the sparkling showers;
Half cheered, half doubting, yet she strays and listens
To songsters warbling in the leafy bowers;
A little longer still his love delays
The promised blessing—"after many days."

O, happy world! she cries, the sun is shining!
Above the soil I see the springing green;
I could not trust his word without repining,
I could not wait in peace for things unseen;
Forgive me, Lord, my soul is full of praise;
My doubting heart prolonged thy "many days."

PRAYERS.

SWEET thoughts must come to those sweet souls
Who linger near to heaven,
And precious lessons they must learn—
To others never given.

Their trustful prayers are carrier birds,
Forever on the wing,
To bear up messages from earth,
And loving answers bring.

For God has tender thoughts of us,
And knows how weak we are;
And naught of all our sinfulness
Can bar us from his care.

The world moves heedlessly along,
And in the blessing shares,
And knows not half the debt it owes
The good man's humble prayers.

AN HOUR WITH GOD.

ONE hour with thee, my God! when daylight breaks
Over a world thy guardian care has kept,
When the fresh soul from soothing slumber wakes
To praise the love that watched me while I slept;
When with new strength my blood is bounding free,
That first, best, sweetest hour I'll give to thee.

One hour with thee, when busy day begins
Her never ceasing round of bustling care,
When I must meet with toil, and pain, and sins,
And through them all the holy cross must bear;
O then to arm me for the strife, to be
Faithful ever I'll kneel an hour to thee.

One hour with thee, when rides the glorious sun
High in mid-heaven, and panting nature feels
Lifeless and overpower'd, and man has done
For one short hour with urging life's swift wheels;
In that deep pause my soul from care shall flee,
To make that hour of rest one hour with thee.

One hour with thee, when sadden'd twilight flings
Her soothing chain o'er lawn, and vale and grove,
When there breathes up from all created things
The sweet enthralling sense of thy deep love;
And when its softening power descends on me
My swelling heart shall spend one hour with thee.

One hour with thee, my God! when softly night
Climbs the high heaven with solemn step and slow,
When the sweet stars, unutterably bright,
Are telling forth thy praise to men below;
O, then, when far from earth my thoughts would flee,
I'll spend in prayer one joyful hour with thee.

LITTLE ILLS.

IF QUESTION if to bear the greater ills
God sends, we need the greater grace.
The ceaseless coming of these little cares,
The ceaseless toiling through the weary days,
Tire out the soul and make us half forget
That it's a sin to worry so and fret.

We brace ourselves against a gathering storm—
Lie prone when desert blasts sweep o'er the land;
We meet great flames with fires we light ourselves,
And on the brown, burnt sward securely stand;
But thorns that pierce us as we gather flowers,
Teach us we lack the grace we thought was ours.

DAWN.

SEE! on the mountain-tops the morn is spread,
And twilight steals away with noiseless tread;
Fainter and fainter in the flush of day
The shy stars twinkle, and their pale, pure ray,
Fades in the splendor of the rising sun,
As conscious that their nightly work is done;
While at his kiss, sweet Nature lifts her eyes
And smiles into his face. The blushing skies
Scatter their roses on the clouds, until
The sunny garland wreathes from hill to hill,
And Morning sits enthroned amid her flowers,
Fresh with the rainbow-tints of angel-bowers.
And down below, the earth reflects heaven's grace;
Bright diamonds sparkle on the lake's calm face,
Pearl-drops are glistening on the forest trees,
Flowers toss their dewy petals in the breeze,
And corn-fields in the valley laugh and sing,
For joy that life should be so glad a thing.

Thou, who dost bid the morning light to shine,
And thrills all nature with a warmth divine,
Let not the shades of sin our souls enshroud,
But with thy brightness scatter every cloud;
The fairest dawn without thee is as night;
Say to our waking hearts, "Let there be light!"

A NOBLE PURCHASE.

GO thou in life's fair morning,
Go in thy bloom of youth,
And buy, for thine adorning,
The precious boon of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.
Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'T is worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.

Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth!
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth;
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice!

REST.

REST, weary feet, that slow and halting trod
Life's short, rough path; rest till that wondrous day
When ye, upon the eternal hills of God,
Shall run, with strong, firm step, your joyful way.

Fold, patient hands, upon the quiet breast;
Faithful ye toiled an humble place to fill;
Hereafter, called to his high behest,
Ye shall work out your Maker's glorious will.

Close, dreamy eyes, out from whose depths there shone
Longings in this poor life unsatisfied;
Ye shall behold the King upon his throne,
And life, and joy, and beauty multiplied.

Peace, throbbing heart; nor pain, nor care, nor grief,
Hopeless desire, nor powerless zeal shall more
Trouble thy pulses. Pain shall find relief,
And hope fulfillment, on that deathless shore.

Rest, where soft shadows lie and grasses wave,
While summer birds sing round thy lowly bed;
Sleep, when the snow falls gently on thy grave,
And winter winds sigh hoarsely o'er thy head.

"Blessed the dead who, dying in the Lord,
Rest from their labors." That sweet rest be thine!
Rest, in the promise of his gracious Word;
Rise, in the likeness of the life divine.

PRAISE.

MOST righteous Father, Lord of earth and heaven,
With heart and voice we praise thy holy name,
For all thy mercies and thy bounties given;
Let men and angels thy sweet praise proclaim.

We praise thee for the gift of thy dear Son;
We praise thee for thy blessed, holy Word,
Which tells us how the race of life to run,
And leads to thee and to our precious Lord.

We praise thee for the Holy Spirit given—
The Comforter—the teacher of thy ways—
The blessed cord that binds our hearts to heaven—
The power that helps us speak or sing thy praise.

We praise thee for the hope of future life,
As promised us through thy amazing grace,
That tells us when shall end the toil and strife,
We'll see thee, holy Father, face to face.

Then blessed be thy name, O thou Most High,
Omnipotent, Omniscient and Supreme!
O let thy praise resound in earth and sky!
Thy majesty and glory be our theme!

We praise thee for thy matchless, boundless love—
So wondrously beheld on Calvary—
Which lifteth our affections high above
The cold, dark billows of earth's troubled sea.

But in this mortal and imperfect state
We cannot praise thee as thou shouldst be praised;
Still, in our weakness, while on thee we wait,
Our songs of gladness heav'nward shall be raised.

O thou, who rulest in the heaven above,
And doest as thou wilt on this our sphere,
Fill our cold hearts with thy most holy love,
And teach us how to praise and to revere.

And when immortal we shall stand before
The great white throne, with harps of purest gold,
We'll praise thee, great Jehovah, evermore,
As we thy glory excellent behold.

Like voice of many waters we shall raise
Triumphant pœans and the saints new song:
In Zion waiteth, Lord, for thee sweet praise,
To thee all glory and all praise belong.

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